

## *Anglicans on Church Authority.*

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THE "authority of the Church" and "the private judgment of the individual" are the rival tests of true or false doctrine which since the Reformation have struggled for the mastery. "Private judgment" was not, indeed, the test to which the "Reformers" wished to adhere in the first instance. Their desire was to oppose to the authority of the Church the authority of the Bible. But they were soon forced to recognize that here there was no true opposition. On either side the authority of the Bible was admitted in those days with readiness. The Bible, however, is obviously not a book whose meaning lies upon its surface, clear and manifest to all. It is rather one calculated to excite, perhaps more than any other in existence, manifold doubts and controversies as to its proper interpretation, and this on matters of vital importance. The true question was as to the judge whose verdict on these controversies should be accounted decisive in the breast of the individual. To explain our meaning the more fully. The New Testament is not like a theological treatise, containing a complete and systematic explanation of Christian doctrine. Had it been so constructed, there might have been some plausibility in the contention that no interpreter was necessary. But, in fact, it is a book comprising partly some compendious history of our Lord's and His Apostles' lives and discourses, partly Apostolic letters primarily engaged with the special needs of particular Churches. Accordingly, while it expounds some few doctrines with a certain directness and completeness, its references to many doctrines are indirect and by way of incidental allusion. Such a book is necessarily hard of interpretation, and still more when the style is oftentimes involved and obscure.

Now, according to the Catholic doctrine, God had not been so unmindful of the conditions of human intelligences as to cast a book like that into our midst without at the same time

providing us with a trustworthy teacher who could expound to us the true nature of its contents. He had instituted in the Catholic Church a body of teachers under whose authority He placed the Christian people. To these teachers the Bible was entrusted, in order that they might guard it from misinterpretation, and they were promised an abiding assistance from the Holy Spirit which should supply for the defects of human intelligence and secure them against error in their instructions. It was the consequent duty of the individual, not indeed to abnegate the use of his own judgment on biblical and doctrinal matters, but to exercise it in subordination to the judgment of the Church, a duty quite consonant with reason, since if there should arise a conflict between the judgment of the individual and the judgment of the Church, the individual could feel confident that the error lay with his own, not with one which had the sanction of the Divine appointment and guidance.

The Protestant, on the other hand, said: "I will not refuse to listen to anything you have to urge in favour of the meaning you assign; I shall rather welcome all materials for forming a judgment with which you can provide me. If it is true, as you say, that your judgment is that of the best Christian minds in all former ages, the one that has been transmitted to our age by ages past as that in which they have ever believed and on which they have ever grounded their practice, why certainly I shall accord to a fact so impressive the importance which is its due. To a judgment so well supported I ought to hesitate long before I oppose to it my own. Nevertheless, I am 'nearest to myself,' and in the last resort I cannot resign my own judgment to the keeping of any one else."

By the side, too, of the Holy Scriptures, there were the traditions which had come down by oral transmission, unquestionably from long-past ages, and the same questions arose in regard to these. What was their origin and what their character? were the topics in controversy. And did the ultimate determination of these controversies belong to the judgment of the individual or of the Church? There was necessarily the same line of cleavage between the Catholic and the Protestant answer to these further questions.

The Anglican Church, in this as in so many other particulars, sought out a middle course. With the confusion of thought, then in its infancy, which has since become a national

characteristic, it laid down, in its twentieth Article of Religion, that "the Church hath authority in controversies of faith;" and then went on implicitly to deny this self-same authority by adding that it is not lawful for the Church "to so expound one part of Holy Scriptures that it may be repugnant to another," as if this were not a virtual assertion of the duty of the private judgment of the individual to keep a sharp watch over the Church and see that she does not go against Scripture in her determination of controversies, and in consequence a virtual declaration that private judgment is a court superior to that of the Church and competent to revise the Church's decisions.

The history of Anglican theological thought has reflected this inconsistency of her Article. There have been times when the prevailing theology has laid stress on private judgment and has repelled Church authority as an intruder, and there have been times when Church authority was magnified and private judgment bidden to submit itself. At the present day both tendencies are represented in the Anglican body. The Evangelicals are the advocates of the supreme rights of private judgment, and they are joined in this by the Broad Churchmen, who, differing widely from them in the conclusions which they reach through the principle of private judgment, regard the principle itself as the one invaluable achievement of the Reformation. The High Churchmen, on the other hand, have always maintained their appeal to Church authority.

Our present concern is with the High Churchmen, with their special conception of authority, and with the modification which it seems to be undergoing just at present. It has been a constant subject of reproach against them that their practice has been so little in accordance with their theory. None are so stubbornly disobedient to acknowledged ecclesiastical superiors as they. The inconsistency is perhaps partly accounted for by the peculiar nature of their conception. The ordinary conception of authority is that of submission to a *living* teacher and ruler. So we understand it in the family, in the kingdom, and in the Catholic Church. So distinctly it was understood in Tudor days even among Anglicans. Henry and Elizabeth had no more notion of allowing private judgment in religious matters than had their predecessors or the Popes. By the Royal Supremacy they had taken over to themselves the function of a supreme ecclesiastical authority, and they manifestly understood it to include the right to decide what was and what was not false doctrine, together

with the right to enforce their decisions on the consciences of their subjects. In later days this extravagant claim was felt to be too absurd. It is still the claim on which the Law Courts act in ecclesiastical matters. But the principle of private judgment is now so widely accepted, that it has imperceptibly been admitted into the minds even of those who imagine themselves to dislike it. This perhaps is partly the reason why in the revived adhesion of the Tractarians and their religious descendants to the principle of authority, there has all along been so little realization that it involves submission to the judgment of living superiors; so great a tendency to reduce it altogether to the acceptance, beyond the text of Scripture, of the oral traditions of the Church as an essential element in the materials on which private judgment should exercise itself.

The Tractarian leaders were diligent students of the Fathers, and they found in the Fathers evidence both of the existence of these traditions and of the authority attaching to them. The Fathers were found to regard tradition as of equal, or (to avoid dispute, let us say) nearly equal, authority with the written Word. Both were of Divine origin, and therefore the Word of God; they differed merely in the mode in which the Word had been preserved.

The Fathers also lay stress on the duty of submission to the Church's authoritative judgments on matters of controversy. This element in their teaching did not altogether escape the notice of Anglican students. But the Fathers, when they speak of submitting to the Church, have in view a body of bishops united in one communion, and all speaking with the same voice. The modern Church, on the other hand, defined so as to suit the exigencies of the Anglican position, is a Church divided in communion, and its rulers by no means speak with consentient voice. Moreover, the particular rulers under whom Anglicans found themselves, and to a less extent still find themselves, placed, taught in terms so plainly at variance with Patristic teaching, that it was impossible to recognize in both the voice of the One Church.

Accordingly the voice of the modern Church was no longer an available authority to defer to. In their straits they came practically to confine their recognition of the authority of the Church to a recognition of the authority of the ancient Fathers, who as being nearer the source seemed to be more trustworthy. As there was enough of decisive witness in the works of the



Fathers to the Catholic interpretation of the words of Scripture in regard to such doctrines as the Trinity, the Divinity and Atonement of our Lord, the Sacramental System, the Apostolical Succession, &c., this restricted view of Church authority gave them present satisfaction, and they were able to disregard the important function of the Church's authority as the Judge of controversies.

Let us understand clearly what such an attitude towards the Church and her authority involves. It involves that the Church as a teacher teaching with authority is dead. It is in relation to controversies that the difference between a dead and a living teacher is most felt. We may treasure up a dead teacher's instructions and decisions given while he was yet living, and find them of great value. They may carry us a long way. But soon, in the inevitable course of things, new difficulties arise, and then we are in doubts how to meet them. We say, "Oh, if he were with us still, and we could have his mind still to guide us through our new perplexities." We realize then that our teacher is a dead teacher, not a living one. And that is exactly the Anglican position. Canon Knox Little, in a recent utterance of which we have not the text at hand, said: "If you want to hear the 'Living Voice' go to St. Paul's Cathedral, and there you will hear it in the voice of the liturgy and of the preacher still continuing to proclaim the old doctrines once revealed." True, you would have a living voice—but whose? That of the Living Church? No. That of living persons respecting the doctrines of a Church long since dead? Yes: and, because only able to repeat the instructions of the dead, not to proclaim those of the living, Church, quite unable to give *authoritative* decisions on matters disputed. Canon Knox Little, Canon Farrar, and Professor Jowett may take their turns in the pulpit of St. Paul's, and deliver each his own view on the Holy Eucharist, on Eternal Punishment, on the Divinity of our Lord. There will be no voice of authority to settle between them. In the Pro-cathedral at Kensington there will be the one voice on these doctrines, because were there not, authority would at once intervene. And thus do the people know that in one case the preachers speak for themselves, at best as private interpreters of a Church long since dead, and that in the other they speak as ministers of a Church still living, and speak with her voice and hers only. If we want then to know if the Church which Anglicans recognize has a living voice or not,

we must see if she has a recognized right to decide modern controversies.

And that is just what she has not. Although such a right is acknowledged in a halting manner in the Twentieth Article, which declares that "the Church . . . has authority in *controversies of faith*," it does not enter at all into their practical life. The only courts which ever have passed doctrinal sentences are scouted as secular courts, whilst if an ecclesiastical court were to sit on doctrine in the present age, its decisions could not hope to receive any save perhaps an outward submission. Some might say, "Authority to terminate controversies attaches only to the Universal Church, and this is a voice which while our divisions last cannot find expression. We must bear our doubts till happier times succeed. Then when the re-united Church assembles in council we shall all readily bow our private judgments before its decision." Others, who are coming to perceive that, in the Anglican theory of the Church, division must be its normal, not an abnormal, condition, would prefer to say, "Controversies are not to be decided by courts and councils. These may prepare the way for decisions, but they have no sufficient competence for definitive decisions. Leave the issue to be determined by the progress of Catholic thought, which, when it has had time to steady itself, will be sure to reach by a common judgment the right conclusion." In either case the practical result is to live without reference to any such authority over controversies, and the inevitable tendency is to forget its existence or misapprehend its nature.

A curious illustration of this may be cited from Mr. Gore's *Roman Catholic Claims*. In the chapter on Authority he criticizes the Catholic assertion of the necessity of a centre of unity in this manner :

[The Church] is not a perpetual oracle of Divine truth, an open organ of continuous revelation : she is not so much a "living voice" as a living witness to a once spoken voice. And it will be observed that whereas the former idea of the Church's function would naturally suggest the probability of a "central shrine," where the oracle would be given, a central teaching chair of Christendom—on the other hand the latter idea, that of a witness, suggests the concurrence of manifold traditions. The strength of promulgative authority is centrality : the strength of witness is the consent of independent and distinct voices. Now it is this latter idea of Church authority which is undeniably that of the Fathers, always excepting those of the Papal school in or after the fifth

century. . . . This is the principle underlying the authority of General Councils—that their “generality” secures the elimination of what is merely local or individual, and the exaltation of the common heritage. . . . Indeed, it is only when we keep this principle in mind that the deference we pay to the decisions of General Councils becomes intelligible. . . . Our deference becomes quite intelligible when they are considered simply as machinery for registering the agreement of the Churches, and when it is further borne in mind that their authority only becomes decisive after their verdict has been accepted by the Church at large.

Even if the Church's office were only to bear witness, and not to decide controversies, it would not follow that a centre of unity was useless or harmful. Mr. Gore should in consistency have pushed his inference a step further, and concluded that the state of schism was much more desirable for the Church than the state of unity, since it is so much better adapted to authenticate uncorrupted traditions. Such an obvious *reductio ad absurdum* might have caused him to suspect the fallacy which lurks in his argument. It is true that where we *do* get agreement among witnesses dispersed over the world and living in complete independence of one another, we have in their agreement valuable evidence that the doctrines they hold in common have been preserved free from corruption. But when the witnesses are thus independent through the absence of an organization to bind them together, their custody of ancient truth is sadly liable to fail, and in consequence this agreement, which when we do get it is so good a mark of truth, is got very seldom. Further, all these advantages of independent testimony, without the disadvantage mentioned, can be obtained just as well in a Church under a central authority. When the Holy See desires to proceed to a definition of faith, it is its well-known and necessary custom to collect testimonies from the different parts of the Church and discuss them. That is the very object of a General Council. Thus even while we consider the Church merely as an assemblage of witnesses to the tradition they are engaged in preserving, it is essential that it should have a perfect organization, and consequently a centre of unity.

However, it is not for the purpose of drawing attention to this aspect of unity that we cite Mr. Gore's words: it is to show how Anglicans, even when formally treating of the Church's authority, can pass over her authority to deter-

mine controversies about the faith. Indeed, Mr. Gore seems to be one of those who have the courage of their convictions sufficiently to disallow expressly the existence of this office of authority. He warns us at the end of the passage quoted that the authority of Councils "only became decisive after their verdict has been accepted in the Church at large." And in a foot-note he adds for greater distinctness: "That which was finally authoritative was not the mere Council, but the decree of the Council when the bishops had separated, and their decision had obtained general acceptance." Thus the authority of the Council is reduced to the merely ministerial function of collecting testimonies. It may draft a judgment for the assistance of the faithful at large who are the true judges, but it cannot itself issue a judgment binding on their consciences.

Hitherto we have been rather recording than criticizing, but it is time to criticize. This Anglican view is offered as a *via media*, as a method by which the principle of authority can be retained without the necessity of recognizing a centre of unity and submitting to the Pope. It is on this ground we condemn it. We presuppose an agreement between ourselves and these High Churchmen that unlimited private judgment will not do and that our Lord did intend to leave behind Him in His Church an authoritative Divine teacher. The grand question, then, is whether that intention could have been realized without the provision of a centre of unity, in which the Church's authority should be focussed and from which its infallibility should spring. Mr. Gore insists that because the office of the Church is to preserve ancient and not to promulgate fresh revelations, a centre of unity is rather an obstacle than an assistance. Now we have already observed that organization is required even in view of the Church's office of bearing witness, and it would seem to be manifestly indispensable if the teaching Church is herself to decide controversies. In proof of this we have one powerful argument in the fact that Anglicans, as seen in Mr. Gore, have found themselves driven practically to disallow the office altogether to the teaching Church and take refuge in an illusory transfer of its function to the faithful. We may appeal also to the contrast offered between the Catholic and Anglican theory in their practical results. If we take the Anglican definition for the moment, and include in the Catholic Church all the bodies for whom this definition claims a place within it, we are

met at once with the spectacle of "our differences." And who can deny that the growth and spread of these doctrinal divergencies is due to the absence of any effectual termination of controversies by recognized authority, and that the absence of such action by authority is due to the want of an acknowledged centre of unity? Who, on the other hand, can deny that the unity of doctrine prevalent in the Catholic Church is due to the recognition of living authority and the submission rendered to its judgments, and that this recognition and submission is rendered possible by the subordination of all inferior authorities to the supreme and infallible authority of the Holy See? Anglicans cannot rationally obey their bishops in matters doctrinal, except where their own private judgments coincide. For they feel that there is nothing about their bishops more than about themselves to guarantee the superior orthodoxy of episcopal teaching. Catholics can rationally obey their bishops because their bishops are united with the Pope, and the Pope by his infallibility, on which he can always draw in the last resort, with Truth.

We shall perceive more clearly the inner reason of this dependence of the Church's doctrinal unity on her authority over controversies, when we reflect on the intimate connection between her office as judge and her office as witness. The controversies which it belongs to the Church to determine are controversies as to what is ancient. The ulterior issue may be as to what is the truth, but the proximate issue is as to what is revealed. To put this a little more fully we may say that controversies are begotten of the development of revealed doctrine, or to use a more accurate expression, by the development of the comprehension of revealed doctrine in the minds of the faithful. The human mind does not at once grasp the full significance of the truths communicated to it, particularly when these truths are full of mystery and meaning and pregnant with results. But the human mind is active and cannot help endeavouring to penetrate deeper and deeper into the contents of its intellectual acquisitions, and this endeavour has characterized Catholic students from the beginning. They wish to understand more accurately the meaning of the terms used, how much they include, how far they extend. They wish to define the relation between one doctrine and another, as again between truths imparted by revelation and knowledge derived from observation. They seek to discover the internal

harmony underlying apparent oppositions. All this is a work of subtle discrimination and inference; and it is easily possible to make mistakes, small in themselves, but fraught with far-reaching consequences. Hence it is that controversies arise through different minds reaching different conclusions as to the true contents of revelation or the legitimate inferences from it. And so when Church authority, ever on the watch, thinks fit to step in and terminate the controversy with a judgment, its judgment is an essential element of its witness. "I decide that my testimony is this, not that," is the Church's language. She cannot preserve her witness without interposing as a judge, with power to bind consciences to her decisions.

Nor is there an escape from this necessity through Mr. Gore's convenient doctrine placing the ultimate decision with the faithful. Apart from the grotesque absurdity of denying infallibility to the teachers and assigning it to the learners, this doctrine forgets that the only learners who are found thus to unite in a common decision after the matter has been laid before them by their teachers, are those living within the fold of an undivided Church and recognizing the absolute obligation of accepting the decisions of its teaching body. You find this concordant *sensus fidelium* following the conciliar decisions in the Patristic age; you find it still among the faithful who obey the Pope. But you do not find it among Anglicans. They neither agree among themselves nor with the other communities included in their conception of the Catholic Church. Of course it is possible to ignore all other parties in their midst, and then point to the wide doctrinal agreement between High Churchmen and Catholics. But the other parties cannot be ignored in this manner. They enjoy as full membership of the Anglican communion as the High Churchmen, and must enter into any computation which estimates the degree of union or disunion of sentiment existent among them.

Moreover Mr. Gore needs to have his attention called to another fact before he can be allowed to place the seat of infallibility in a *consensus fidelium* including his own communion. In the Catholic Church the march of time is characterized by a progressive increase in the number of settled controversies, a thing to be expected in a Church under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. In the Anglican Church, the march of time is characterized by a progressive unsettlement of beliefs previously general; a fact quite incon-



sistent with the notion of a Divine power in its members to decide anything by common agreement. Thus the conclusion stands that the principle of authority cannot be realized in a Church constituted on the lines of Anglican theory. It may be that there is no authority at all on earth: but if there is, its seat can only be in the teaching body of a Church presided over by a Pope, who is infallible either in himself or at least because he can lay his hands on the springs of infallibility by calling a council or otherwise. This is not mere reasoning from antecedent probabilities. It is also reasoning from facts. What we say is that we do not see how there could be, and that certainly there is not, a Church which without centrality and infallibility can advance any plausible claim to teach with authority.

"No Church authority without Centrality and Infallibility lying behind it," has been the sum of our contention in the criticism we have been making. That infallibility must lie behind any authority which offers itself to us as even derivatively Divine seems absolutely certain, for otherwise God would become responsible for the errors into which His human representatives might lead their hearers. That infallibility requires a central see as its appropriate seat is not so absolutely necessary. God might unquestionably have imparted the gift to each individual bishop, or He might have granted it to the bishops collectively, and have prevented the occurrence of any schism or excessive local separation which could make the gift cease to be an abiding possession. He might have so arranged, but He certainly has not so arranged. Even if it be allowed that unity of belief may be compatible with error, it is certain that divergencies of belief cannot go with infallibility, and, in fact, unity of belief is, and has been, found in the world only when there has been centrality of organization. Thus the belief in infallibility, and with it the belief in authority, must be abandoned with the abandonment of the belief in Papal Supremacy.

Anglicans are at length beginning to realize this, and the growing realization is showing itself in a growing disposition to make a radical change in their conception of Church authority. Give up the term they cannot. It would be to give up all their claim to continuity with the past. And so, following in the footsteps of those who meet the protest that man cannot do without religion by corrupting the traditional meaning of

the term "Religion," Anglicans seem now engaged in corrupting the traditional meaning of the term "Authority." We are far from saying that they are doing this consciously. But they are doing it, nevertheless. There are distinct traces of the process in Mr. Gore, but it is undertaken systematically in a book by Dr. Stanton, of Cambridge, which has recently appeared, and is entitled *The Seat of Authority in Matters of Religious Belief*.<sup>1</sup>

According to Dr. Stanton, "a clearer view of the nature and function of authority in matters of religious belief seems to be one of our urgent requirements at the present time." And he rightly observes that "Anglicans do not seem for the most part to be in possession of any well thought out and consistent theory on the subject." Accordingly he proposes to make some contribution towards the formation of such a theory.

He commences with the following definition :

"We may define 'Authority' for the purposes of the present discussion as that principle which is exhibited in all reasons for receiving or assenting to a truth, if such there be, which are external to the man himself, to his own observation, reasoning, or intuition, or which, if revealed internally, lie beyond the reach of his own verification. Our range of view must be confined within no narrower limits than this, if we are to form an estimate of what may be justly claimed for the principle of authority in things spiritual, and to see it in its true relation to the mental and moral constitution of man."

Starting from this definition this author finds the supposed inherent opposition between authority and private judgment to break down. Authority in the sense of his definition is unconsciously recognized in all forms of religion. Even the "religion of the future," although it is conceived of as a religion essentially undogmatic, must rely largely on the principle of authority to win the allegiance of mankind. "For it would be impossible to acknowledge that religious truth can be attained by the study of the unguided intuitions of the individual, and not allow any increase of it through combined effort and communication."

And whilst he is sure that authority must find its place in religion, he is sure also that it must be consistent with a simultaneous exercise of private judgment. He desires to be "as jealous for the true rights of reason and of personal faith as of authority." He is sure that "right reason can in the long run be no other than a supporter of truth," and gathers that "it

<sup>1</sup> Longmans, 1891.

ought to be suffered to do its own work in its own way," and that "in whatever direction it can, and to the utmost extent it can, it must be allowed to penetrate." It is a part of Christian teaching to question man's sense of responsibility and extend it more and more to the whole of his life, and therein particularly to his use of the faculty of testing and judging the truth. "Any proposal to limit the extent of this responsibility beyond what his lack of capacity and the circumstances appointed by Providence prescribes, and thereby to blunt the sense of it, bears the mark of falsity. It is impossible he should evade a measure of responsibility for the first choosing the authority to which he will submit. And it is difficult to see by what right responsibility can be made to cease then, if he has the means of testing the truth of the pronouncements which the authority makes." Thus assent to authority is necessarily always provisional. Private judgment will defer to its pronouncements where through lack of ability or lack of evidence it can do no better, and will even for the time being repose with a degree of certitude on the utterances of an authority with good credentials: but whenever the evidences of the subject-matter come within its own purview and afford it an opportunity of testing the utterances of authority, private judgment claims the right and the duty to pronounce thereupon and to subordinate authority to itself.

Such is Dr. Stanton's view of the relation of private judgment to authority. Inquiring further into the nature of authority itself, he finds its analogue partly in the authority which specialists in their respective departments exercise on other minds, partly in the strange authority with which the moral law speaks to the individual conscience. We are not able to examine into the entire evidence for the conclusions to be drawn in the various branches of natural science, or history, or other knowledge. But we feel that where our means of knowledge fail us, we can safely trust the testimony of others who, having had the capabilities and the necessary opportunities, have used them and can be trusted to render truthful testimony to what they have learnt and judged. In like manner, in matters religious, few of us are able to examine personally the evidence for revealed truths, and we must of necessity rely mainly upon the studies and experience of others. Even if we are able to make an exhaustive speculative study of the Christian literature, we shall still hesitate to trust our personal conclusions where they are not supported by the

coincident conclusions of others ; and further, we all, without exception, need the witness of past generations to attest to us the age and the original form of the doctrines offered for our acceptance. Again, the truths of the Christian revelation, when they are proclaimed to the rightly-disposed conscience, exercise over it exactly the same mysterious authority which is exercised over it by the truths of morality. They have about them a certain self-evidencing power, and even previously to any adequate verification, they cause the conscience to feel that they come to it from above and clothed with the authority of God. There would indeed be danger of illusion, if the individual listened only to his personal impressions in this matter. But what happens is that he finds his personal experiences confirmed by the similar experiences of his fellow-believers : not those only of a single generation, but of all, so that as one generation succeeds to another, the stream of experiences, concordant with or corrective of his own, is continually increasing its volume.

The common judgment which in part confirms that of individuals, in part determines this, and is followed by them when they cannot see for themselves, is that of a body of persons united by strong ties of sympathy, and distinguished from the rest of mankind by certain well-defined principles which they share. For all that is most essential in the Christian faith we have means of verification which are altogether unique among all cases of the kind which we are considering, supplied by the common consent of an innumerable multitude of every race, of every variety of natural character and social and intellectual grade, amongst countless generations of mankind who have lived under the most divers general conditions of life and thought. The power of the revelation is verified, its purport and the relation between its essence and its form are illustrated, in the life of moral and spiritual experience. Through faculties quickened by such experience, its correspondence with the constitution of our own being and with the indications of Divine Providence in the course of the world is recognized. Here, however, are matters in which the consentient experience and judgment of many must count for infinitely more than the experience and judgment of one, even if that one be myself. However profound might be my own impression of the truth of the faith, I might naturally hesitate to believe it if I stood alone. But I am sustained by the common faith of Christian believers, who have manifested its fruit in their lives. (op. cit. pp. 63, 64.)

It is now time to consider the value of this new theory, whether as a theory of authority in itself, or of the relation of authority to private judgment.

We have not the slightest wish to deny the existence or undervalue the importance of the complex phenomena external to the individual in which Dr. Stanton places the seat of authority. The testimony of past generations to the historical origin of the Christian religion, the effect upon human lives and human society wherever the revealed doctrines have obtained free sway, the accordant judgment of the best of mankind on these broad facts and their details—all this unquestionably constitutes evidence of the most impressive kind for the individual mind to consider, and if duly weighed, is entitled to beget a firm conviction that the Christian religion is from God. So far we are in complete agreement with Dr. Stanton, although we would even here remind him of what has been noticed higher up, namely, that this general agreement over the nature of the Christian Church and her leading doctrines has never appeared historically save among those who have been united in one communion by outward as well as inward bonds, and who have acknowledged the kind of authority which Dr. Stanton rejects.

But, this consideration apart, in what sense do the motives referred to enter into our act of faith? As credentials of the Church's authority, not as the voice of her authority. They are certainly credentials, for no Church which is not Divine could have such testimonies to appeal to in her support. But they are as certainly not the embodiment of her authority, at least until we interpret them in a very different way from Dr. Stanton. He should have gone further in his analysis, and then he would have found that much of that in which he discovers the "authority" we are seeking is not authority at all in any accepted sense of the word; and that the rest of it, although authority in some sense, is not the authority of the teaching Church, in the sense in which this term has hitherto been understood alike by those who accept and those who reject the thing signified. By authority, didactic authority, that is, is invariably signified the motive for assent supplied to the mind by the testimony of another. The idea presupposes that in the defect of personal experience or judgment, the mind leans on the personal experience or judgment of another mind, a thing which it can do rationally, provided it has the means of personally judging that the other mind is neither deceived nor deceiving. Now one element among the motives of conviction which Dr. Stanton indicates, the one

perhaps on which he lays most stress, in no sense comes under this description. The effect of Christian doctrine on Christian lives is perceived by the powers of observation, and then the character of the doctrine is deduced by the inferential faculty. Authority, which is a quality of testimony, does not enter in at all. We may be told, indeed, that the inference in question is based not merely on such instances of holy lives as have been led under our own eyes, but on these added to a vast number besides of which we can only learn through others. This is true. Reliance or testimony is a necessity which meets us at every step here as in every other department of inquiry, theoretical or practical, and in this sense we have allowed already that authority does enter into the motives which Dr. Stanton sets before us. But it is not presumable that even he would ask us to regard this authority as the authority of the *Church*. It is the human authority of the persons who happen to have supplied us with the materials of our inference.

With more plausibility may the testimony of the successive generations, by whom the historical facts of our Lord's existence, character, and teaching, have been preserved to us, be regarded as the authority of the Church. For this certainly is testimony, and the testimony of those who in their time have composed the Catholic Church. But even here we have, at least if we take this testimony in the way in which Dr. Stanton takes it, only the human authority arising out of the collective but purely human witness of those in the Church, not the authority of the Church. By the authority of the Church is meant, if we wish to keep to the accepted sense of the term, the authority with which the Church is clothed when she comes before us as our Lord's representative. The term, according to its traditional acceptation, implies that He, being no longer visible on earth Himself to teach us, has appointed others to teach in His place; that with this object He communicated to them, that is, to their first generation, His entire revelation, and then engaged to guard them through the ages by a special aid which should ensure their delivering and interpreting the message correctly.

We see, then, that whereas Dr. Stanton undertakes to expound to us the true nature of authority, what he has really done is to take a term already occupied by an accepted meaning, and to the great confusion of ideas fit it with another essentially



distinct. Dr. Martineau, in his *Study of Religion*, discussing the similar treatment of the term "religion," remarks justly, "that it is vain to propose an Eirenicon by the corruption of a word." Dr. Stanton is not exactly engaged in proposing an Eirenicon, but he should see that it is equally vain to seek to establish continuity of principles with the Church of the past by the corruption of the term "authority."

When the equivocation in the use of the term is pointed out, his theory is seen to be identical in essence with the old Protestant principle of private judgment. For the essence of this principle is that it requires private judgment to be *supreme*. It is quite willing to receive the testimony of others, the teaching body in the Church included; to weigh it and to accord to it a becoming deference; but it declines to bow before it with an absolute adherence. On the contrary, it claims at all times to sit in judgment upon it, and decide for itself how far it should accept and how far reject what the Church propounds. In this sense it will be supreme over the judgment of the teaching Church. And it takes up this attitude towards the judgment of the teaching Church, just because it does not admit the infallibility of the teaching Church. The one position is the logical consequence of the other. Now this is just the line of thought which Dr. Stanton has followed. He does not absolutely commit himself to a denial of the Church's Infallibility, but he certainly would not, even in theory, allow it any wide extension, and in practice he must be held to reject it altogether. Accordingly he is strictly logical in claiming for private judgment that it shall at no point abnegate its own inalienable responsibility. The mind is made for truth and its responsibility is to give consent to a proposition only in proportion to the evidences of its truth which are at hand. If the authority which testifies is only fallible, the mind cannot possibly give an absolute assent to the testimony rendered, and must exercise its own judgment to the best of its power. But if the authority which speaks is known to be infallible, it has in this knowledge the guarantee which it requires, and without any infidelity to truth, rather in highest fidelity to it, it can at once render an absolute assent. In that case private judgment does well to lay aside its claim to supremacy and bow before the judgment of authority.

It is important, however, to mark well the difference between the subordination and the suppression of private judgment. The *subordination* of private judgment is demanded of it when

an infallible authority, duly authenticated, enters into the field. It is of this we have been speaking in the preceding paragraph. But the *suppression* of private judgment is far from being required by the Catholic Church. It is not Cardinal Manning, but Cardinal Manning misrepresented, who is chargeable with saying that an appeal to history on the part of a Catholic is treasonable, and the same may be said of the appeal to reason. Every one who has eyes to see, must be aware that in the Catholic Church the study of philosophy and history has always been allowed and encouraged, as well as assiduously carried on. St. Thomas of Aquin wrote long before the Protestant Reformation, and he has credit even among Anglicans for his fearless collection of the difficulties against his doctrine. Nor can Baronius be held guilty of shutting his eyes to the historical difficulties by those Protestants who are wont to go mainly to him for their evidence of the wickedness of Popes, and of similar (to them) delightful topics.

If it should be suggested that the Vatican decrees have changed all this, why is it, not only that Catholics consistently deny the change, but that the reigning Pontiff has done his best, and successfully too, to stimulate both philosophical and historical research, recommending St. Thomas of Aquin as a model of the former, and throwing open the Vatican Archives as an assistance for the latter? Leo XIII. has done this in his evident confidence that, to borrow Dr. Stanton's phrase, "right reason can in the long run be no other than a supporter of truth." It is not right reason, in short, which the Pope fears, but wrong reason; not profound study, but superficial study. His attitude to private judgment is this: "Exercise yourself as much as possible, but be careful not to violate your own laws. When I find you going astray I shall check you, and then knowing your fallibility and my infallibility, you will act rationally in obeying me. But in that case the last thing I shall require of you will be to renounce the free exercise of your own individual reason. My wish will the rather be that you should exercise it the more by looking more deeply into matters, and my promise to you will be that if you follow this guidance you will eventually discover that it has helped to set you in harmony with reason, not against it. For the voice of the Church is the voice of truth, and 'right reason can in the long run be no other than a supporter of truth.'" And as Leo XIII. would speak, so Cardinal Manning did speak, and that in the work from which a single sentence has been

isolated in order to be misconstrued.<sup>1</sup> There are two kinds of appeal to history, and the Cardinal was distinguishing them. One is an appeal based upon doubt, an appeal which says to the living Church, "I doubt very much whether you are speaking the truth, and I shall not listen to your teaching till I have tested it by history." That in a Catholic (though not in one as yet only on his way to the Church) is essentially rationalistic. The other is an appeal based on trust, an appeal which says to the living Church, "I know you are right, and therefore that history (and philosophy) truly interpreted is with you. I shall try to discover wherein the harmony lies, and thereby vindicate you to the world." That is a lawful appeal, and Cardinal Manning recommends it.

Here, however, we leave the question for the present. Our object has been not so much to show how sound and well-supported is the principle of Church authority, but to show that if it exists at all, it only exists in the Catholic Church: that Anglicanism, although it plays with the name, if it could interpret aright its own thoughts, would have to own that it does not own the reality: that there is no essential difference between the doctrine which its most recent exponent calls the principle of authority, and the doctrine which Dr. Ryle, of Liverpool, would call private judgment.

S. F. S.

<sup>1</sup> *Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost*, p. 9. Cf. pp. 3, 4.

### *Some recent Miracles of Lourdes.*

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WE narrated in our last number one or two of the more striking miracles of Lourdes. But we must remember that the miracles of Our Lady of Lourdes are not worked only at Lourdes. The grotto of Lourdes is quite cosmopolitan. There is a Lourdes in Belgium, a Lourdes in India, a Lourdes in almost every Catholic country, a Lourdes (grotto, Bernadette, apparition, everything except the miraculous spring) in the grounds of hundreds of convents. At some of these places, as at Oostacker (the Belgian Lourdes), wonderful cures are wrought and graces bestowed.<sup>1</sup> Nor are the benefits of Lourdes confined to spots where a grotto has been erected in imitation of the original in the Pyrenees. The water from the fountain of Lourdes works wonders all over the world. Many of the graces bestowed by its means are never known save to those who receive them and their immediate friends. But others are made public for God's glory and the edification of the faithful. Witness the following story of what happened at Lyons last autumn. We give first of all, in a somewhat abridged form, the account as narrated by the priest who is the head of the Congregation of which the young man who was cured is a novice, and then the certificate of the doctor who had care of the patient.

Brother Adolphus had always been a delicate subject. For about a month his health had been very unsatisfactory. He was getting weaker and weaker, and could neither eat nor sleep. On August 8th he was attacked with fits of vomiting, which prevented his taking any solid food, and a day or two afterwards he could retain nothing, not even a glass of champagne. Ice was tried, but with no permanent result, and it even produced fresh attacks of vomiting, which increased in violence until they caused him to spit up blood, and other matter that showed his condition to be a very dangerous one. An

<sup>1</sup> Cf. article in *THE MONTH* for June, 1885, "Our Lady of Oostacker."

affection of the heart from which he had formerly suffered, now reappeared, and added to his sufferings and the danger he was in. On the Assumption it was thought necessary to administer the last sacraments. Viaticum was out of the question, on account of the constant sickness, but he was anointed and received the last blessing. The rest of the day was one long series of choking and vomiting. Syncope ensued: he lost consciousness, for some instants his heart ceased to beat, and all present thought that he was in his agony.

Just then a happy thought came to the Master of Novices. It suddenly occurred to him to try the effect of a little of the water of Lourdes. Some of it was fetched, and the Master of Novices and Infirmarian having said the Hail Mary and invoked Our Lady of Lourdes by the sick man's bedside, a spoonful of the water was given him. But his throat, parched with thirst and fever, refused to swallow it. The effort he made to do so, and the retchings that were the result, produced such a violent crisis that those present thought that death was close at hand. His feet and hands became quite cold, his eyes glazed, and he lost all consciousness. The priest gave him absolution once more, and the prayers for a departing soul were recited.

For half an hour Brother Adolphus lay thus between life and death. At the end of it the Infirmarian fancied he saw a gleam of consciousness, and proposed to try once more a little of the water of Lourdes. To his astonishment, the sick man swallowed it without any difficulty. To his still greater astonishment, he opened his eyes and said he thought he was cured. Impossible! Yet on examining him all the signs of death had vanished. The hands and feet had become warm, the eyes bright: he was quite himself. Those watching him could not believe their senses, and were still incredulous, when he asked for something to drink, and some more of the water of Lourdes was given him. Once again he said that he thought he was cured. No more sickness, no retching, no pain: nothing wrong with his heart. The change was complete. "I should like to get up," he said, "and have my bed made. I should very much like to walk about a little." The Infirmarian would not hear of it. "Well, then, give me something to drink, and let me go to sleep." Brother Adolphus drank more of the Lourdes water, and about a quart of lemonade, and then went off into a sound sleep.

The next morning, when he woke, his first words to the

Infirmarian were, "Brother, I'm most frightfully hungry." The Brother gave him some milk, which he drank eagerly; some beef-tea, which he also drank eagerly, and some more of the water of Lourdes. Presently the Angelus bell rang, and he was seized with a strong desire to go to the chapel. It happened that the Infirmarian was out of the room for a moment, so Brother Adolphus slipped on his clothes and ran down to the chapel. Fancy the astonishment of the community, some of whom had already been saying the *De profundis* for the repose of his soul, morally certain as they were that he had departed this life during the night. The Superior was in dismay. *Quelle imprudence!* No, it was no imprudence at all. He was perfectly cured. He went to Holy Communion the next day, walked about the garden, and ate and drank with first-rate appetite. His stomach behaved beautifully, and so did his heart; he could run up and down stairs without the least sign of palpitation. In a word, he was better than he had ever been in his life. He was able to undertake, and in November had been employed for six weeks in the wards of those suffering from infectious diseases and from paralysis, which was reckoned the most laborious and difficult employment in the house.

The certificate of the physician who attended him ran as follows:

Lyons, Nov. 10, 1891.

Brother Adolphus is twenty-one years of age. He is of a weakly habit of body. On December 20, 1890, he was attacked by bronchitis, and at the same time I discovered something wrong with the heart. In the following June violent sickness came on. He could keep nothing on his stomach. Even champagne and ice only provoked, instead of stopping, the vomiting. From the beginning of August he could take no nourishment, and began to sink rapidly.

On the 15th the end seemed to have come: the emaciation and weakness were extreme, the eyes were dull and glazed, the pulse became imperceptible, and the skin (*les teguments*) became cold. At three o'clock he received the last sacraments.

At 8.30 p.m. he began to breathe slowly and with difficulty, and the last stage of his agony seemed to have arrived, when a teaspoonful of Lourdes' water was passed between his lips, and some minutes later a second teaspoonful. At that moment the sick man felt a sudden relief: the signs of his being in his agony disappeared, he declared himself cured, wanted to get up, and took several drinks without any difficulty. About 4 a.m. he asked for something to eat, and took first liquids and then solids with great satisfaction. His strength suddenly came back,



and very quickly showed its presence, and his cure has continued from then till now. He has one of the most laborious duties in the house, and takes charge of the paralyzed and infected, without the least sign of fatigue.

These are the facts that we have observed and faithfully reported. It is perfectly evident that the disease in question is a case of *neurosis*, marking a far advanced *anemia* in a subject predisposed for it. Hence there is nothing to be astonished at in the sudden cessation of the symptoms. The remarkable point in the case is the instantaneous disappearance of the phenomena resulting from inanition (which had arrived at their furthest limit, so that they were on the very verge of bringing on the death agony), and the sudden reappearance of the forces that seemed to have disappeared for ever.

DR. CARRIER.

Dr. Carrier further explained that though in diseases of the nerves the symptoms may suddenly disappear, yet this is very unusual when the disease has reached so advanced a stage. But however this may be, what was absolutely inexplicable according to any natural laws, is that all the circumstances resulting from a long want of food, that was on the point of proving fatal, should disappear in a few seconds. Nature only works gradually—*Natura non facit saltus*. The effect of a long sickness, with starvation accompanying it, does not disappear in a moment. The tissues that have been enfeebled have to be supplied with fresh nourishment; strength only returns little by little, it is a slow and gradual process. A sudden restoration, or rather resurrection, such as we have described, is wholly and entirely beyond all the forces of nature.

This cure was undoubtedly a miracle, like that of Sister Julienne narrated in our last number. The following does not appear to our more sceptical judgment to be quite incontrovertible. It was performed on a patient of Dr. Boissarie's. Coming to us as it does at first hand from the medical man, the facts it narrates cannot possibly be called in question, whatever be their explanation. We narrate it, because it is one of so many cures at Lourdes, which may *possibly* be explicable naturally, but the force of which lies in the exact coincidence of the prayer offered and the commencement of a recovery which medical men regarded as very improbable, if not absolutely impossible. Mdle. C——, whose brother had died of consumption, was herself attacked in 1888 when she was twenty-one, by symptoms indicative of the same disease, spitting of blood, a bad cough, an irregular pulse and shortness

of breath. Dr. Boissarie first saw her in the beginning of 1889, and advised her to spend the coming season at Cauterets. Dr. Rozier, the resident physician at Cauterets, certified on her arrival there to that peculiar grating sound in breathing which is a certain sign of pulmonary disease, and did not venture to allow her to take the baths. At the end of the season, she was no better; Dr. Rozier told her that he could not recommend any active treatment, and confessed that he had very serious fears about her future. On her way back from Cauterets, she passed through Lourdes, and stopped there for a day or two. The resident physician examined her, and found in her signs of an active disease, which had already arrived at a stage in which he feared to recommend sea air or a southern climate. Before leaving Lourdes Mdle. C—— went and prayed at the grotto, begging for a cure, and in the evening she left by the train for her home. This was on the 25th of August, 1889, during the French national pilgrimage.

Here ends the first part of her story. Hereditary tendency to consumption, a disease of the chest that had already made considerable progress, wounds in an advanced stage in the upper part of both lungs.

The second part of the story consists in the medical testimony of Dr. Boissarie a little later:

In the month of October I saw Mdle. C—— again. I examined her, and found no trace whatever of any chest disease: breathlessness, grating sound, emaciation, all gone. Her appetite excellent; ten pounds added to her weight since I last saw her; complexion, strength, colour all healthy and perfectly normal. Since then a continuance of sound health; no cough or bronchitis; no falling off in health at any season of the year.

How is this change to be accounted for? It was not indeed a sudden but a gradual cure, beginning from the day of her visit to Lourdes. It was while she knelt and prayed at the grotto, that she felt the beginning of the change. Every day from that time brought a fresh improvement in her condition, and in a month's time she was perfectly well. In August, 1890, she paid another visit to Lourdes, and was again examined by the doctors who had seen her in the previous year, and who now bore witness to the completeness of her cure. Another physician who happened to be present, when he heard the account of her condition a year before, refused to believe that it could be the same person. Was this cure an undoubted

miracle? Dr. Boissarie seems to think so, and in presence of his professional knowledge of the case we scarcely venture to advance our objections. But we certainly doubt whether it would be admitted as such by the medical experts of Lourdes, and are certain that it would be rejected by the Congregation of Rites. For though the improvement could not have been due to any actual treatment, yet there is at least the possibility that the change of air may have brought about physical changes which, though not immediately apparent, gradually developed themselves after the patient returned to her home. The permanent cure of an advanced stage of consumption by a residence of some months in the dry and rarified air of some high level is by no means unknown, even when the case has been pronounced hopeless by the physicians who have been watching the case.

The case of Mdlle. C—— is thus one of those which may have been the result of supernatural intervention, or it may not. It would in any case be regarded as a "grace" by a Catholic, but God gives many graces through purely natural means. It most decidedly could not be urged as conclusive against an objector. It is one of the many cures occurring at Lourdes of which we cannot speak positively. But their presence, so far from being a weak point in the argument for the miraculous agency at work, is, as we shall have occasion to remark presently, distinctly in its favour.

We must not forget that a number of arguments, even though singly they do not rise above probability, may, when combined together, establish moral certainty. A large number of cures like the one we have just narrated, with the same coincidence of the visit to Lourdes, and the commencement of the recovery, would by the laws of evidence establish a moral certainty of some connection between the visit and the cure. Their cumulative force is simply irresistible. Even if the sceptic explain away one or other of them, they are, when taken *in globo*, quite inexplicable, except on the ground of supernatural intervention. But when there are added to these a considerable amount of instances, each one of which is conclusive taken by itself, who but those whose eyes are blind and their ears deaf, can refuse to acknowledge their united cogency? We choose those cures which are for the most part sufficient to carry conviction even taken singly, and in which we can adduce medical testimony to their reality.

1. Margaret Gehier, fifty-nine years old, had a fall in her youth while in service, which prevented her from doing anything for fourteen months, and threatened her with permanent hip-disease. The treatment adopted was so far successful that she was able to resume her domestic duties, but she never completely recovered, and though she remained in the same situation for fifteen years, yet she was never able to manage any heavy work, and was always more or less of an invalid. In 1872 the severe pain in her hip returned, and it swelled to a large size. A similar swelling causing her most acute suffering formed on the right knee. Bandages of iodide of potassium and opium, and constant blisters, gave some relief and diminished the swelling on her hip, but the knee became more swollen than ever, and the leg was bent double by it. In August, 1872, she came to Lourdes, visited the grotto, and found to her astonishment that as soon as she arrived there, and began to pray, she could kneel without any difficulty. After kneeling thus for ten minutes, she stood up, found herself able to walk without the use of her crutches, while the india-rubber band around her knee slipped off down her leg, on account of the disappearance of the swelling of the knee. On her way home a couple of days later, she stopped at Pau, and had no difficulty in going up the steep ascent to the *château* of Henry IV., and when she arrived home she walked the two miles from the station without the least fatigue.

Since her return home [writes the medical man from whose written attestation we have abridged the above] she has had no pain in the hip, knee, or side. The *femoro-tibial* joints on the right side are as supple as those of the left. The size of the two knees is exactly the same, and the general state of the woman's health has remained as sound as on the day of her return from Lourdes. After watching this poor woman for more than forty years, I arrived at the conclusion that she was absolutely incurable by any natural means. I can therefore affirm, with a full knowledge of the circumstances and in all sincerity of conscience, that the instantaneous character of the improvement in the chronic and complicated disease that I have described, compels me to believe in a supernatural intervention. I have waited five months before making this report, in order that I might ascertain if the happy results of this wonderful occurrence were permanent.

P. GALISSON

(Medical Practitioner in the parish for forty-two years).

Rochefort, January 20, 1873.

2. Mdlle. Dehaut, aged twenty-nine, was suffering from a club-foot, a dislocation of the right hip, and an ulcer which covered two-thirds of the right leg. So testifies her physician on September 6, 1878. The same physician bears witness that thirteen days afterwards he had carefully re-examined his patient, and found that all the above symptoms had disappeared, the only trace of them remaining being a simple redness on the leg previously covered by the ulcer.

Let us see what had taken place meanwhile. Mdlle. Dehaut had come with the pilgrims from Namur, and was convinced that she would be cured. When her mother bid her good-bye at the station, she said to her, "Be sure to send us a telegram as soon as you are cured." She was in a terrible state, quite unfit to travel, and the smell arising from her leg was most offensive. A priest who was with her thought of leaving her in a hotel at Paris, but she would not hear of it. On the Thursday evening she arrived at Lourdes, visited the grotto, and the next day had her first bath. She was astonished at not being cured at once. "Never mind," she remarked, "my mother sometimes made me ask twice for what I wanted. I will come back again." Accordingly she returned the next day, and when after her bath, her companion began gently to press the bandages that covered her leg, in order to get the water out of them, she was astonished to find that the pressure caused her no pain whatever. Harder pressure was tried, but still no pain. The bandages were removed, and they found the ulcers gone, the wounds completely healed, and no trace left save a red scar! Mdlle. Dehaut returned thanks to our Lady, and waited patiently for the completion of the cure. On the ninth day, she finished her novena of baths, and scarcely had she entered the water, when she felt so violent a pain in her stomach, that she could not refrain from crying out aloud. All her bones began to crack, and it seemed as if her foot was being torn off by force. *Both she and her companion then saw her deformed foot become straight again with all the regularity of a needle advancing on a dial. The leg that was bent double straightened itself. The muscles extended, and the knee resumed its proper place and shape.* At the same time she began to feel an intense and indescribable pain in her hip. She fainted away in the water, and the faint lasted so long that the attendant became alarmed. But before long she opened her eyes; all the pain

was gone ; she rose up straight and active ; she could walk with ease and regularity. Our Lady had done her work well. She hastened to the grotto to return thanks, and left her crutches at the shrine of our Lady. A few days afterwards she returned home, and could walk perfectly well and with joyful heart.

3. Madame Antoinette Toussaint, aged twenty-two, a farmer's wife at a country place in the diocese of Agen, was one day walking across the fields belonging to her husband's farm, when something seemed to give way in her right leg. At the same time a violent pain shot through her limbs. For a few days she was still able to put her foot to the ground ; but gradually the pain became worse, the leg swelled, and the calf became discoloured. The doctor said he thought some vein must have been ruptured, and recommended bran-poultices. But the pain still increased, and Madame Toussaint soon could only walk with the aid of a crutch, and that with great difficulty. There had clearly been some sort of laceration of the muscles of the leg, owing to a false step. The least attempt to walk renewed the violent pain, which, moreover, gradually spread to the right arm and shoulder, the finger nails becoming quite yellow. Other treatment produced no lasting improvement, and the pain gradually spread all over the right side. The leg began to shrink, and the foot to become livid ; the sufferings it caused became incessant, to walk was now impossible, and all hope of a cure by human means was abandoned. When it was proposed that Our Lady of Lourdes should be asked to work a cure, the sceptics of the parish promised one and all that if Madame Toussaint was cured, they would henceforward believe in the miracles of Lourdes. In August, 1891, the sick woman came to Lourdes, having the greatest confidence that she would be cured. The voyage caused her great fatigue, but on her arrival she insisted on being carried down to the grotto. The next morning she heard Mass and communicated, suffering all the time the most intense pain. At ten o'clock she took her first bath in the miraculous spring. On coming out she was able to dress herself, which was something quite new to her ; and walked out of the bath without any assistance, just as if she had never been ill. The same evening she bathed again, and this time by herself. The next morning she heard Mass in thanksgiving for the change in her, and knelt during the Holy Sacrifice without any fatigue. That day she was asked whether she was quite cured. "I feel no pain whatever,"



she answered, "but it still hurts me a little when I press hard on my shoulder or leg," adding, "I mean to take another bath, and then we shall have a perfect cure."

The same evening, after bathing again, she returned home. The journey caused her no pain or fatigue. At the station she jumped down from the train, and ran lightly to the carriage waiting for her without a trace of weakness. When questioned as to her condition, she jumped into the air, bent her two legs, and threw herself with all her weight on her knees. Every trace of the malady that she had been suffering from for more than a year had entirely disappeared. The leg had recovered its normal size, and the shoulder and arm no longer bore any traces of the injury. When the account of the miracle was published, four months had passed, and Madame Toussaint was as well and strong as ever.

This was but one instance out of a number of cures that occurred at the time of the French national pilgrimage of last year. More seem to have been cured during the pilgrimage of 1891 than ever before. In a single number of the *Annales*, eighteen total or partial cures are narrated. We must not forget that these were not based on any hearsay, or on the mere personal convictions of the sufferers themselves; each case had been carefully examined into by the physicians at the Bureau des Constatations, where the most positive proof is required before any miracle is recognized as such.

Clementine Trouvé, a girl of fourteen, had been attacked by necrosis of the bone in the heel of the right foot. She had derived no benefit from the surgical treatment to which she had been subjected. The doctors declared that nothing could cure her except a long course of treatment and a serious operation. When she arrived at Lourdes the wound in her foot was most painful and was discharging freely. As soon as she plunged her foot in the bath, the wound instantly healed, and a healthy scar formed over the place where it had been.

The case of Amélie Chagnon, aged seventeen, was a very similar one, except that besides the necrosed bones of her foot, she had a chronic inflammation of her left knee-joint, both these being the effect of scrofula. For three months the patient had been quite unable to walk, and there was a continual discharge of matter from her foot. Arriving at Lourdes, she was carried down on a litter to the bath. After bathing she rose up and walked with perfect ease. No more swelling at the knee, no

more pain or stiffness. The wound in the foot had entirely disappeared, as well as the discharge, and a scar that was hard and looked as if it were some months old had formed almost instantaneously.

Madame Menuau, a widow, aged thirty-eight, had been attending the Hôpital St. Joseph, in Paris, during three years for an ulcer in her stomach, accompanied with frequent vomiting of blood. Her father had died of cancer, her mother of consumption. She had herself nursed her husband through a long sickness, and though at the time the malady was rapidly gaining ground, she persevered with great courage in her care of her husband, and even after his death held out against the disease as long as it was possible to do so, and only gave in at last when her system had been weakened by continual loss of blood. She had lost thirty-two pounds in weight. Nothing could stop the hemorrhage, and during the journey to Lourdes it had been almost continual. For four days before her arrival she had been able to take nothing, and had had constant fainting-fits. She was brought down to the grotto on a litter, and lay there during Mass almost lifeless, pale, cold, with her eyes closed, and scarcely conscious. When the Blessed Sacrament was brought down from the altar and passed the spot where she was lying, her eyes opened, she made a sudden movement, leaped up, or, as those around her declared, flew to her feet (*elle s'est comme envolée de son brancard*), and threw herself down upon her knees. Then she rose, followed the procession, and when it was over walked back to the hospital perfectly sound and well, and she who for four days had been able to take nothing, sat down to the common meal with a healthy appetite of a woman in perfect health.

Mdlle. Elisabeth Villeneuve, aged thirty-five, had had two operations (*iridectomie*) for glaucoma. She had entirely lost the sight of the left eye, and could see only dimly with the right. She could scarcely distinguish day from night, and could not see the light of a lamp at all. After bathing twice, she felt as if a dark shadow had passed away from before her, and found that with her right eye she could see to read the smallest print, and with the left a rather larger size of type. She experienced no inconvenience from the light, and the inflammation that had previously existed had completely left her eyes.

A continuous string of miracles, especially when told in such concise form as the above, is rather tedious reading, prone to pall even on the most pious reader ; so we will only add that in the number of those cured in the French pilgrimage last year eleven were undoubted consumptive patients, besides sufferers from hip-disease, a twisted spine, paralysis, an ovary tumour, arthritis, and other maladies in which no amount of imagination or subjective faith could have produced the change. We must add one more that happened about the same time as the above. It has a special interest on account of its involving a sudden development of muscles, nerves, and tissues, which had been atrophied for years.

Mdlle. Lucie Renauld, a girl of fourteen, had been attacked by a muscular atrophy of the left leg, the result of paralysis during her infancy. Her left leg was smaller and shorter than the right, and she could only walk by means of a heel on her shoe an inch and a half high. After her last bath on August 24, the two legs were exactly the same length and size. The artificial heel was quite superfluous, and she could walk perfectly without it. Here we have a fact absolutely beyond the reach of any natural explanation. Would the most hardened unbeliever maintain that a plunge into the water of a natural spring could of itself lengthen a limb and supply the necessary muscle and sinew and flesh to make the shrunken limb of the same size as its fellow ?

And now it may be interesting to our readers if we add to the above undoubted miracles an account that we have just received of what we may call the ordinary graces granted to an ordinary pilgrimage. We do not say that these are miracles. The *Journal de Lourdes* of last July 3, from which we extract them, calls them *material favours*, and such no one can doubt them to be. They are four instances out of fifteen cures which happened during a recent pilgrimage from Lozère. The pilgrims numbered two thousand seven hundred. We are told that the miracles of grace worked during the pilgrimage were far more precious than the mere bodily cures that we are about to narrate.

1. Mdlle. Marie Daudé, of Brenoux, seventeen years old, had for twenty months had all her lower limbs paralyzed. The doctors had declared her case a serious one, if not incurable. After her first bath at the grotto she was able to walk to the grotto without help. Pale and full of emotion, she went up to

the priest who was conducting the pilgrimage, and whispered, "Mon Père, I am cured!" The priest, fearing that the news would cause an undue excitement among the pilgrims, told her in a low voice to go and kneel down and thank our Lady without attracting attention. But her father, who was kneeling in the crowd, soon perceived her, and pushed his way through the crowd, and came with arms raised up to heaven, scarcely able to believe that the poor helpless cripple of an hour before was the daughter whom he now saw free from all weakness and disease. She afterwards walked in the procession without the least fatigue, and found herself perfectly well.

2. Rosalie de Gourgon, from Laubert, had been paralyzed for four years. After the first immersion she felt life and movement rekindled in her arms; she could move her fingers that were before helpless, and could lift her arm for the first time since her first attack, to make the sign of the Cross. Since then the improvement in her condition had gone on advancing.

3. Louis Gazagne, from La Chapelle, twelve years old, had inflammation of the bones (*osteitis*), the result of typhoid fever, and was unable to walk. After his first bath he recovered his powers of locomotion, and threw away his crutches.

4. A young child, Pierre-Jean Bonnal, of Rieutal, had suffered during the journey to Lourdes most acute pains; the least movement drew from him piercing shrieks. At the bath he showed such an intense reluctance to be bathed that those with him hesitated whether to dip him in the water. But at the first bath the pain ceased altogether, and during the journey and after his arrival at home, never returned. Yet he is still obliged to keep his bed, and his case is one of improvement, though not of complete cure.

The above are perhaps about the average "graces" of a pilgrimage. The more notable miracles do not happen every day, and sometimes a pilgrimage passes without any miracles at all.

In conclusion, we would point out an element of strength in the miracles of Lourdes that is too often left out of sight. In a number of supernatural occurrences, granted by the goodness of Almighty God as a reward of the faith of His servants, and as an evidence of His power that leaves the unbelieving world absolutely without excuse, we should reasonably expect that there would be every kind of wonder, as regards the completeness of the cure wrought, and

also as regards the amount of incontrovertible evidence in its favour. Some miracles would be sudden, others gradual; some only improvements, others complete and perfect cures; some quite inexplicable by any natural means, others admitting of a more or less probable solution without any introduction of the miraculous element. A study of the miracles of the Scriptures leads us to recognize in them these different features, and some of them we recognize as miracles merely from the context. No one can absolutely prove that the swine that rushed down into the sea may not have been seized with some extraordinary yet natural panic, or that the paralytic brought to our Lord may not have been a nervous sufferer, who recovered in consequence of the subjective effects of his strong faith. Yet beyond all such miracles which the sceptic may call in question, there are a number that are absolutely undeniable, such as the raising of Lazarus, or the healing of the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, or the cleansing of Naaman from leprosy in the waters of the River Jordan, or the Resurrection itself.

So it is at Lourdes. In many cases the cure is supernatural, though it might possibly admit of a natural explanation. It might have been the force of the imagination, or lively faith, or strong conviction. The sceptic fastens on a few such cases, and imagines that when he has disposed of them, he has demolished the wonder-working power of the fountain of Lourdes. He might just as well say that he has demolished the reputation of some celebrated physician when he had shown that some of his patients might possibly have recovered without the treatment prescribed by him. Let the sceptics give a rational explanation if they can of the collection of miracles to which Dr. Boissarie gives his skilful and scientific testimony, and then we shall be more inclined to listen to their cries of impossibility, or to the charge of credulity which they are fond of bringing against men who are often possessed of far more ability and scientific discrimination than themselves.

R. F. C.

*The Cuneiform Inscriptions recently discovered  
in Upper Egypt.<sup>1</sup>*

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DURING the summer of 1887, a peasant woman belonging to the household of one of the "antica" dealers who live at or near Tell-el-Amarna in Upper Egypt, set out to follow her usual avocation of digging in the sand and loose earth at the foot of the hills for small relics of early times. From the time when Wilkinson made his first journey to this place until quite recently, every traveller who has visited the spot has been able to bring away with him interesting and important antiquities, which have either revealed new facts in Egyptian history, or have served to illustrate and explain processes in the technical arts known to the Egyptians. In the early years of this century, when the scientific staff attached to Napoleon's expedition to Egypt was compiling the material for the splendid map of Egypt afterwards edited by Jacotin, it was noticed that the "ruins of a large town" existed at Tell-el-Amarna, on the east bank of the Nile, about one hundred and eighty miles south of Memphis, and it is said that a superficial search made at the time over this part of the country resulted in the finding of a number of fine objects, which have since come into several European collections of Egyptian antiquities.

But whatever things have been dug out, or however great their importance, nothing possessing the historical value of the antiquities discovered by the Tell-el-Amarna woman in 1888 has ever rewarded searcher before. The exact details of her search will never be known, neither can the exact spot where she made her great discovery be identified (for the Arabs took care to obliterate all traces of the diggings made by them on the spot after her "find"), but it is certain that in a small chamber at no great depth below the surface, she found a number of clay

<sup>1</sup> *The Tell-el-Amarna Tablets in the British Museum.* With Autotype Fac-similes. Printed by order of the Trustees. London, 1892. 1 vol. 4to, xciv. 158 pages, 24 plates.

tablets, the like of which had never been before dug up in Egypt. The number of these tablets and fragments is variously given, but it seems that the outside limit may be set at three hundred and thirty. Of these the British Museum secured eighty-two tablets, which were purchased for the Trustees by Mr. E. A. Wallis Budge in 1888, the Gizeh Museum in Egypt about sixty, and the Berlin Museum about one hundred and sixty pieces, of which a large number are fragments. The authorities of this last institution published the texts from their own collection, together with those from the tablets at Gizeh by lithography, under the authorship of Drs. Abel and Winckler.

Tell-el-Amarna is the modern name of the village near the ruins of the town, temple, and palace built by Khu-en-aten or Amenophis IV., King of Egypt, about B.C. 1500. The town was called Khu-aten, the temple Pa-aten, and the palace Pa Khu-en-aten. With the tablets were found (1) a clay seal having two impressions of the prenomen of Amenophis IV., (2) five square alabaster plaques, inlaid with the prenomen and name of Amenophis III., (3) a light-blue glazed faïence plaque rounded at the top and inlaid with the names and titles of Amenophis III. and his wife Thi, in hieroglyphics of dark-blue faïence, (4) the cover of a vase or jar made of stone and carved to represent a lion and a bull fighting, the style of which seems to indicate Mesopotamian workmanship. The size of the tablets in the British Museum varies from  $8\frac{3}{4}$  in.  $\times$   $4\frac{7}{8}$  in. to  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in.  $\times$   $1\frac{1}{16}$  in.; the longest text contains ninety-eight lines, the shortest ten. The greater number are rectangular, and a few are oval. They differ in shape from any other cuneiform documents known to us. Some are flat on both sides, some are convex on both sides, and some are shaped like a pillow. In colour the tablets vary from a light to a dark dust tint, and from a flesh-colour to dark brick-red. The nature of the clay of which they are made sometimes indicates the countries from which they come. Two letters from Tushratta, King of Mitani, have dockets which record the date of their arrival in Egypt; a letter from Buraburiyash bears on the reverse an impression of an Egyptian statite scarab, which probably formed the bezel of a ring, and one tablet has on the reverse an impression of a Babylonian cylinder seal.

The writing on the Tell-el-Amarna tablets resembles to a certain extent the Neo-Babylonian, which is a simplified form of



the writing of the first Babylonian Empire as commonly used in Babylonia and Assyria for about seven centuries B.C. It possesses, however, characteristics differing from those of any other style of any cuneiform writing now known to exist, and nearly every tablet contains forms of characters which have hitherto been thought peculiar to the Ninevite or Assyrian style of writing. But compared with the neat, careful hand employed in the official documents drawn up for the Kings of Assyria, it is somewhat coarse and careless, and suggests the work of unskilled scribes. The spelling is, with few exceptions, syllabic, and comparatively few ideographs occur. The Semitic dialect in which these letters are written is Assyrian, and is, in some important details, closely related to the Hebrew of the Old Testament. The forms of the pronouns are particularly noteworthy. A peculiar feature in these tablets are the numerous glosses which occur, containing explanations of Assyrian words or ideographs by Canaanite words spelt in syllables, *e.g.*, KHAR-SAG=ha-ar-ri (Hebr. *har*, mountain), A-MESII=mi-ma (Hebr. *maim*, water), &c., which are of special interest for Semitic philology, as they afford a number of new words and forms, the existence of which have been hitherto unsuspected, and which have a close affinity to the language of the Old Testament.

The documents were most probably written between the years B.C. 1500—1450. They consist of a letter from Amenophis III. to Kallimma-Sin, King of Northern Babylonia, nine letters from the King's neighbouring countries to the King of Egypt, and one to the wife of Amenophis III., fourteen letters from Rib-Adda, Governor of Byblos, eleven of which are addressed to the King of Egypt, and three to Amanappa, an Egyptian official, two letters from Ammunira of Beyrout, four letters from Abi-milki of Tyre, fifteen letters from Governors of towns in Phœnicia and Syria, twenty-seven letters from Governors of towns the position of which are unknown, and a part of a mythological text to the goddess Irishkigal. They give an insight into the nature of the political relations which existed between the Kings of Western Asia and the Kings of Egypt, and prove that an important trade between the two countries existed from very early times. They also supply information concerning offensive and defensive alliances between the Kings of Egypt and other countries, commercial treaties, marriage

customs, religious ceremonies, and intrigues, which has been derived from no other source.

Most of these tablets belong to the reign of Amenophis III. and Amenophis IV., and give us considerable insight into the history of the reign of the latter monarch. Amenophis IV. is generally known as the "heretical King." He seceded from the worship of Amen, the god who had been previously the chief god of the country, and transferred his allegiance to Aten, or the Sun-god. He ordered that the name of Amen should be obliterated from the walls of the temples and other public buildings, and changed his own name from Amenophis, or Amen-hotep, to Khu-en Aten, or the splendour of Aten. This revolution in their religious ideas did not at all suit the taste of so conservative a people as the Egyptians, and the priest of Amen headed the opposition to the change. The King found himself unable to overcome the party opposed to his projects, and in the end had to retire from Thebes. He must have been a man of some enterprise and energy, for he founded an entirely new town on the Nile about one hundred and eighty miles above Memphis, building there a temple to Aten, as well as a palace in which he established himself with his family. After his death the town he had built was abandoned, and his religious changes made no lasting impression. Their general unpopularity may be inferred from the fact that a large number of the portraits of Amenophis IV. that remain to us are caricatures. He is represented with thick lips, a protruding chin, a receding forehead, and a protuberant belly. It is not surprising under these circumstances to find that the authority of Egypt over her dependencies declined during the reign of Amenophis IV. The internal strife resulting from his quarrel with the priesthood, and his overthrow of the old religion, weakened his power in all the countries round. The tributary peoples revolted, and the Egyptian Governors of the various provinces and towns took part, some with the King and the "Sun-god" party, some with the Conservative party, though they all after the manner of Orientals profess their unflinching loyalty to the King in their despatches, and accuse their opponents of rebellion. The letters of the Governors of Beyrut, Tyre, and Byblos, bear witness to the disorganized condition of the coast of Northern Palestine and Syria. Thus Abi-milki, or Abimelech, the Governor of Tyre, finds himself hard pressed by his enemies from the very commencement

of his tenure of office. The language of his letters, and his comparison of Amenophis to Shamash the Sun-god, makes it probable that he was appointed by the King with the express object of enforcing the new worship at Tyre and in the country around. His repeated entreaties for aid and final announcement that he has withdrawn from Tyre to Sumuru, point to the failure of his attempts. The same tone appears on the letters of Rib-Adda, the Governor of Byblos, who reports the revolt of the whole district under his command, the successes of his rivals Abdashirta and his son Aziru, the loss of his ships, and the capture of the important city of Sumuru. He further announces the fall of Beyrut, and the approach of the enemy to Byblos. If the King does not send reinforcements all the Governors throughout the land will be slain. He has already informed the King of this, but without effect. After a number of letters all telling the same tale, he declares the state of things around him a hopeless one and intimates to the King that he will be compelled to renounce his allegiance to him.

But we must give one or two extracts from the tablets by way of illustration of their contents and style. We have said that the first of these letters is from the powerful Amenophis III. to Kallimma-Sin. This latter monarch reigned over Karaduniyash (Northern Babylonia), and is of great interest as being the only known letter of Amenophis III., and also because it is addressed to a monarch hitherto unknown to us, who probably belonged to the fourth dynasty of Berosus, and fills up a gap in the list of the Babylonian Kings immediately preceding Kara-indash. Amenophis had in some previous letter asked for the hand of Sukharti, daughter of Kallimma-Sin in marriage. Kallimma-Sin had replied: "Thou wishest for my daughter to wife; now from the time when my father gave thee my sister to wife, no man hath seen her, and none knoweth whether she be alive or dead," implying that he was not prepared to send his daughter Sukharti to Egypt until he was well assured that her aunt, his own sister, was alive, and was being treated in a manner befitting the wife of the King of Egypt. Amenophis now writes:

Since thou sayest, "My messenger cannot identify her," I answer, "Then who can identify her," and I ask further, "Why dost thou not send a wise man who might give thee a trustworthy account and describe to thee the comfort and good health of thy sister here?" Command then one of thy wise men to come and examine her

household, and let him see for himself the honour in which she is held by the King. (pp. xxvi, xxvii.)

The letter is a very long one, and there is a good deal of repetition in it. Some parts of it are mutilated, but the general drift of it is to urge the request for Sukharti's hand, and to make a sort of commercial treaty between the two countries. Towards its conclusion is a representation of the untrustworthy character of the Mesopotamian ambassadors. When Amenophis applied for the hand of Kallimma-Sin's daughter Sukharti, he appears to have demanded a contingent of Mesopotamian soldiers also. Kallimma-Sin had replied, "That he had no soldiers, and that his daughter Sukharti was not beautiful." To this Amenophis now answers that he knew that "these words were not the words of Kallimma-Sin," and that he believed that "the Mesopotamian messengers had spoken falsely." (p. xxviii.)

The following three letters are from Burraburiyash, King of Karaduniyash, to Amenophis IV. The first is a request for larger gifts of gold, as he says that the gifts sent by Amenophis are much less than those sent by his father, Amenophis III. He also explains that it is not his fault that the Canaanites had invaded Egyptian territory in Mesopotamia.

Letter 8 is a long one, and the tablet on which it is written is the largest and finest in the whole collection. It is from Tushratta, King of Mitani (a country situated on the eastern border of Syria, facing the Mesopotamian desert), expressing his sentiments of friendship with the Egyptian King, sending him presents, and asking for more gold.

Letters 12 and onwards are from princes and governors during the troublous reign of Amenophis IV.

Letter No. 16 is one of the despairing appeals of Rib-Adda, Governor of Byblos. After the usual salutations, he entreats the King to listen to what he says :

The people of Byblos, the members of my house, and my wife counselled me to join the followers of Abdashirta and to make a league with them, but I did not listen to them. Moreover I sent word to the King, my lord, and repeated my request for a company of soldiers to protect the city for the King, my lord, but no answer from the King ever reached me. In these straits I made up my mind, and I went to Ammunira (the Governor of Beyrut), for protection, for I feared the people of my own house, but he shut his door in my face, and I must

again appeal to the King for help. I await the arrival of the soldiers day and night, and if the King, my lord, does not send help to me I shall perish, and the King will lose a faithful servant.

Letter No. 28 is one of a series in which Abi-milki, Governor of Tyre, appeals to the King for support. It seems that Zimrida, who was the Governor of Zidon, had made an attack on Tyre, and was blockading it, the city being thereby reduced to great straits. Abi-milki describes himself as surrounded on all sides and destitute of wood and water, and begs the King to take steps to preserve the city.

To the King, my lord, my sun, my god, thus saith Abi-milki thy servant; seven times and seven times do I prostrate myself at the feet of the King, my lord. I am the dust beneath the feet of the King, my lord, and that upon which he treadeth. O my King and lord, thou art like to the god Shamash and to the god Rimmon in Heaven. Let the King give counsel to his servant. Now the King, my lord, hath appointed me the guardian of the city of Tyre, the "royal hand-maid," and I sent a report in a tablet to the King, my lord, but I have received no answer thereunto. I am an officer of the King, my lord, and I duly report all that cometh to pass, be it favourable or unfavourable. Abi-milki, then, prays the King to let him have twenty additional soldiers to defend his city (we are probably to understand twenty companies of soldiers), and adds, "let me come before the presence of the King, my lord, and behold his face."

In connection with the Tell-el-Amarna inscriptions, a discovery recently made in the course of excavations made in Palestine at a mound called Tell-el-Hesi is of no small interest. The site of this mound is identified by Dr. Flinders Petrie, who commenced the excavations with the ancient city of Lachish. Within the last six months Mr. F. J. Bliss of Beyrout, who has continued the work begun by Dr. Petrie, has found among the *débris* of the mound a cuneiform tablet, together with certain Babylonian cylinders, and imitations or forgeries of those manufactured in Egypt. Mr. James Glaisher, the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, informs us in a recent letter to *The Times* that the handwriting is the same as that of the Tell-el-Amarna collection. A translation of the tablet has been made by the Rev. Professor Sayce; it is as follows:

(To) the Governor (1) O, my father, prostrate myself at thy feet. Verily thou knowest that Baya (?) and Zimrida have received thy orders (?) and Dan-Hadad says to Zimrida, "O, my father, the city of

Yarami sends to me, it has given me 3 *masar* and 3 . . . and 3 falchions." Let the country of the King know that I stay, and it has acted against me, but till my death I remain. As for thy commands (?) which I have received, I cease hostilities, and have despatched Bel-banilu, and Rabi-ilu-yi has sent his brother to this country to [strengthen me (?)].

Mr. Glaisher further informs us that it was written about the year 1400 B.C., and that the Zimrida to whom (?) it was written is the same with the Zimrida, Governor of Lachish (?Sidon), mentioned in the Tell-el-Amarna collection, who was murdered at Lachish by his own people.

The official edition of these texts is the work of Dr. C. Bezold. The introduction and summary have been written jointly by Dr. Bezold and Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, acting assistant-keeper of the department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities of the British Museum. A smaller publication containing the transliteration of the texts with a full vocabulary, prepared by Dr. Bezold, is in the press and will be shortly published. It is still difficult to give an exact translation in all the details of such ancient and extraordinary documents, nevertheless the editors have been very successful in making out all the historical facts connected with these despatches, and their summary equals in nearly every respect the literal translation which could be given at this state of cuneiform research. When the first news of this grand discovery reached the daily papers, many scholars tried to give an account of these inscriptions, but it took a long time to examine each one separately and to prepare the publication of the texts, without which every account must be faulty. The bibliography on these texts fills six pages, and it is curious to observe that many have written on these tablets without having seen even one of them. Now at last all the texts are accessible to scholars, and the great difficulty of copying and collating the texts is overcome, the exact study of the details may now begin in order to secure all the archæological results from these interesting inscriptions.

No scholar who has ever examined ancient inscriptions of this kind can throw any doubt on the genuineness of these tablets, which are now publicly exhibited in the British Museum, although it is impossible to give all the minor details of their discovery. It is natural that some writers, out of jealousy, claim a part of the priority in this discovery, but without hesitation full credit is due to the editors who have succeeded

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in bringing out in such a splendid volume the result of their pains and labours, and they deserve the thanks of all who take an interest in ancient historical research. The fac-similes of forty-four tablets enable the student to form an exact idea of the texts and the difficulty of preparing the publication, and they clearly show that every confidence may be had in the text presented by the beautiful cuneiform type of Harrison and Sons. Thus after a labour of nearly four years the find of Tell-el-Amarna is prepared for an exact study, which will shed a new light on the biblical record of Moses on Egypt and Palestine, and the different nations which came into contact with the Egyptians in the time of Moses.

J. N. S.



### *Amalfi and its Inhabitants.*

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AMALFI, as it is seen on a fine day from the gardens of the old Capuccini Monastery, now alas an hotel, seems like a jewel set in the rough rocks around it. Great cliffs stretch down in valleys all along the coast to the sea, that with its sunlit, sapphire-tinted surface and its emerald bays, which at times appear the deepest colours of the peacock's breast, indeed makes Amalfi appear a brilliant jewel. High above grows the cactus—the prickly-pear, the *fica d'India*—climbing up the dangerous cliffs behind the monastery and the town, and making the rusty grey rocks above green by their daring powers of climbing the overhanging precipices. Olives, euphorbia, myrtles, all grow here, on terraces and every vantage spot, and the air is sweet with the scent of narcissus, or, at other times of the year, with orange blossoms or mignonette. Dark-leaved caroubers, or locust-trees—*Arbori di S. Giovanni*—grow all along this coast in abundance, and lemon and orange-trees spread their bright green foliage over the climbing terraces. But for its grapes and wine Amalfi is not particularly noted, and, indeed, all along this side of the Salerno promontory the wine is rather coarse, even that at Ravello above Amalfi is only pleasing when taken from the best white grapes, the red wine there being, if anything, more unpleasant than the best Amalfi. For wines—and how one does think of them in this country of Bacchus, where water is bad and even babies are brought up on diluted wine—one must go to Capri, or better still to the country inns near Gragnano, close to Castellamare, where one can obtain old, pure wine for a few *soldi* the glass, such as the tough old Romans might have drunk at their most sumptuous feasts. These are the good wines we cannot buy in bottles, although wines of the same name much adulterated are sold by several Neapolitan firms at high prices, so that persons who only stay at the large first-class hotels, where such bottled wine alone is sold, really never taste the rich, pure wines of the country. But in the old

days they say that the wines all over Italy were better ; and if that was the case, perhaps in the days of the Doges of Amalfi the wines were drinkable. *Ulmisque adjungere vites*, says Virgil, and to this day half the beauty of the land lies in tangled masses of vines and elms and fruit-laden trees ; and as to the good vines near Vesuvius, in the Second Georgic, he says :

Talem dives arat Capua et vicina Vesevo  
Ora jugo, . . .

though on the lower slopes of Vesuvius the vines now no longer grow as then, for through one cause or another they have been very often destroyed. Amalfi and the place next it, Atrani, were once one great seaport town, at one time a republic, at another under Doges. The ships of Amalfi competed with those of Genoa, and the place was wealthy and prosperous. Queen Jovanna of Naples, who was also Countess of Provence, the lovely, red-haired beauty who was said to have been so scandalously wicked, had a great palace-fort above Amalfi, parts of which are still to be seen. But later on came an earthquake and an invasion of the sea, which caused the houses built one behind the other in the sloping, piled up way in which Italian dwellings are built, to slide down with the soil in which they were founded ; those, however, whose foundations reached the solid rock probably remained. It is only by suggesting the landslide that we can at all account for the entire separation into two towns of what was originally one. After great storms are to be seen crowds of fishermen and others down by the sea looking on the sand and stones for coins washed up from that part of the town which was buried under water ; numbers of such coins and curiosities have been thus found by the poorer people.

Much of what I am saying of Amalfi I have gathered from many interesting conversations with its old historian, the learned Cavaliere Matteo Camera, and also from a certain intimate knowledge of the people themselves. Still, as of old, the little ships stand on the beach or ride at anchor in the harbour, with their prows facing the sea ready to put forth as if to compete once more with the navies of Genoa and the North ; still the great rocks and mountains enclose it in behind ; and still the same manufacture of maccheroni and paper continues that has gone on for centuries ; I am even now writing on its paper and have bought whole reams of it. But now the town is no longer a city of the South and "Queen of the Sea,"

and its moving population are easily told over in one large hotel supplemented by two very small ones. But it is not in fashionable hotels, or in visiting ancient churches only, that one must seek to know a place; one must mingle with the social life of its inhabitants, and become one of themselves. This, owing to their courtesy and kindness, I was enabled to do during my long stay in Amalfi. In every way, therefore, I accepted their hospitality, that is as far as Italian hospitality goes, which, as all know who know Italy, in its small towns is not very great and seldom approaches the length of a dinner or lunch, but consists instead of a late afternoon musical entertainment and coffee or liqueur that the guest invited is obliged to enjoy by himself.

A short time after I had arrived, I wished to see the illuminations and fireworks that take place every Christmas Eve at Atrani, the old town which once formed part of Amalfi and is now divided from it by a picturesque promontory which completely separates the two places. So at half-past eleven at night an Italian friend of mine most kindly sent me with his nephew to the house of friends of his living there. Accompanied by three servants, who forced a passage for us through the crowd which had gathered in different places along the road, we wended our way through narrow, steep, dirty, and intricate streets and at length went in at a door, which, at that hour of the night and in the high, dark street, to all appearance was as ordinary an entrance as that of any of the poorer houses along side of it. Then after mounting to the third or top floor, we entered a large flat and I was introduced, not by any means to small rooms, but into quite a large drawing-room, scantily but well furnished, such as one would not have expected to find amidst the tall houses of such a queer, dirty, old place as Atrani. The master of the house was there, and was much like any of the wealthier vineyard proprietors, but his wife had all the quiet grace of a *grande dame*, and was evidently such in the society of Amalfi and Atrani; I afterwards found that she was of one of the oldest and most important families of that district. There were present that evening various relatives, a marriageable daughter, certain aunts and uncles, and most gentleman-like, English-looking boys, just back from school for the holidays; while every now and then their friends came dropping in, evidently by invitation or annual custom. Presently liqueurs were handed round, and then we went out on to the verandah,

and after a little time twelve o'clock struck, when instantaneously bombs exploded, all the church bells began ringing, rockets went up, and bonfires blazed; and then, suspended on an enormously long rope, there floated down over the little church in the centre of the town, that is completely built in between two high, rocky precipices, to which the ends of the rope were attached, a brilliant representation of the star of Bethlehem, more, however, I must acknowledge, like a gigantic illuminated grand cross of the Order of the Bath. The town was most brilliantly illuminated, and the applause ringing; the white houses standing out against the great cliffs behind, all lit up, and the sea out in front, gave a stage-like scene never to be forgotten. And then when all was over we re-entered the drawing-room and some of the guests began to take leave; but we waited till all had gone, and presently there came in a pleasant-looking lad of about seventeen who was introduced to me with that pretty dialectical Italian formula, *Il primo nato*—"The first born." This lad was the heir to an enormous amount of property in both Atrani and Amalfi and in the mountains behind.

I left my friends with some regret that night, but I ought to have been satisfied with the amount of dissipation that I had already had. A little earlier in the evening I had called at one of the old-fashioned albergos of Amalfi, situated right in the midst of the close-packed houses of the town and overlooking the roofs and the beautiful Moorish façade of the old Cathedral. Here I had been shown and offered all the good things prepared for Christmas Day, that seemed to be a speciality of this particular town, at least so the good people told me! There were cakes and sweet sugar-covered sponges, and various hard to eat but time-honoured dishes and confections of this district, among which was a most exquisite almond-paste sponge-biscuit in crescent and half-oval shapes, covered with chocolate or sugar, that goes by the simple name of *Pasta-reale*. This, by the way, is not unlike that most excellent open tart of about the same substance, only more mixed up with other unknown ingredients, which they have at Easter. But Easter has too the most terrible meat dishes that poor mortal could be possibly asked to eat and enjoy, and eight days after Easter also there is the curious large ring of lard-bread, the *casatiello*, with pieces of egg on the top of it which the people on that day take out into the country to eat in some traditional spot. During the two previous days, before Christmas, there had been

a great deal of pleasurable excitement. These people, fishermen as are most of them, are very religious, honest and trustworthy, unlike their dirty, thieving neighbours belonging to a town which is a by-word amongst the surrounding towns. Amalfi is cut off from Naples and the plain round Vesuvius and all its population by the high range of hills which I mentioned on the first page as coming down in great rocks covered with that daring climber the cactus or prickly-pear, and in other places formed into terraces high above one another, the lowest of which drops its edge down almost perpendicularly into the blue sea below. Up in the mountains themselves the rocks are less picturesque and less covered with verdure, but from these summits can be seen on the other side, and far below, the plain of Vesuvius, with Pompei, Torre, Bosco, Resina, and Naples itself far away in the distance, and the sea out as far as Ischia and its dangerous soil, while the view of the sea on the Amalfi side still remains, though now also distant and more magnificently extended.

But I have made a digression. I was saying how in consequence of these great heights the Amalfitani are quite different to the people on the other side, and I was describing the two or three days before Christmas. The Amalfitani, as I have said, are thoroughly a religious people, more particularly the poor fishermen, who have a special chapel of their own near the shore, in which they chant a litany regularly every day at two o'clock; and the fact that their Cathedral is dedicated to St. Andrew and contains his relics, no doubt does much to encourage them in the enjoyment of their, and ours also, thank God, ancient holy faith. St. Andrew's relics, helping their quiet devotion and steady life, have helped to ward off from the town all those plagues which have attacked Naples so terribly; never has the cholera been to Amalfi, and the influenza when it came the year before last was mild compared to what it was in Naples. And this Christmas Eve that I was there shepherds with their bagpipes had been going round to each house in turn; there they had played and sung a strange old hymn before the little household oratory, the whole family being assembled to assist at the little ceremony. The bright lights within the doorways, the pleasurable excitement of the people, the tones of some voice praying in one house, or the chant arising from another, and from within the sound of the shepherd's bagpipes droning softly and sweetly as they did two thousand years before at

Bethlehem, all this was a picture of Christmas Eve never to be looked back upon but with pleasure. It is thus that these rustic southern Italians keep their vigils at Christmas, and it is thus also that they keep their novenas, or nine days prayer, after any great festival. The local name for the *corna musa*, or bagpipes, is *sambogna*. It is a sweet-toned instrument, plaintive and rather weird, and without the shriek of Scotch or the shrillness of other northern bagpipes. They are, I believe, even used in the Cathedral on some occasions; though the organ also now and again sounds not unpleasant notes rather like these shepherd bagpipes, and this on Christmas Day at the High Mass has a very picturesque and Eastern effect, bringing to one's mind the Shepherds and the humble peasantry to whom Christianity was first revealed.

The Cathedral possesses some beautiful and curious mosaic patterns worked into the pulpit, ambo, throne, and various other prominent works of marble, as have also most of the churches and cathedrals in this part of Italy. Salerno Cathedral has some very fine specimens of this work; Ravello, near Amalfi, has perhaps the finest and most curious of any. These mosaics are supposed to have come from Pæstum, from among the Roman remains still found all round the older Greek temples for which those wild swamps are so famous; no doubt the ordinary-coloured cubes came from there, as they somewhat resemble those constantly being dug out of Pompei, but the gold mosaic is of a far more modern date, and is thoroughly mediæval.

I was in the Cathedral on the octave of the feast of St. Andrew, to whom it is dedicated, and hearing that Mass was being said in the crypt I went down to assist. There was a large crowd of poor people and a few of the wealthier members of the population, but in spite of the crush some of them very thoughtfully brought me seats. Over the altar there is a large and very fine bronze statue of St. Andrew holding the fishes, which are silver, while underneath the altar are his relics. It was indeed very curious and pleasing to hear the sound of bagpipes, or what was an imitation of them, in the organ, being played throughout the Mass, as no doubt they have been from time immemorial and even in the early Christian times, and markedly growing louder and more joyous at the moment of the Consecration and Elevation of the Blessed Sacrament. Towards the end of the Mass



there was a great commotion in the little crowd, and then several of the surrounding fishermen said to me: *Va vicin', va al altar', mo fana u meracolo*. At Amalfi they speak the dialect more clearly than their Neapolitan neighbours the other side of the hills, whose Italian, apart from the dialect, is a penance to hear; but apart from understanding their kind intentions I was pushed through the crowd of old and young till I came to the choristers and assistants, and here also I was invited to move on up to the altar till I found myself in a swaying crowd of canons, monsignori, and other priests, who most courteously made a little room for me, though owing to the crush I very nearly trod on the aged Archbishop's feet as he was kneeling on hands and knees in front of, and partly inside the altar, under which are the relics of St. Andrew. The iron fretwork front of the altar had been unlocked, and when the Archbishop withdrew his head and shoulders from within, it displayed the silver cover placed over the circular hole which descends into the tomb of the Saint's relics a good way beneath; he had just then removed a great silver crown which always stands over the silver cover when there is a miracle to be performed. After the whole congregation, following the Archbishop, had said a *Credo*, three *Pater nosters*, and three *Ave Marias*, and after he had prayed especially to St. Andrew to assist them with his prayers, the silver cover beneath the crown was removed, and a large glass cruet that had been suspended within the hole was found to have become covered with moisture, which was immediately very carefully collected with *bambagia* or cotton-wool, and presently distributed to the people who crowded round the rails, the few drops in the cruet were poured out first into minute glass-stoppered flagons and then collected on the *bambagia*. When the moisture was discovered the people sang a *Te Deum*, and there seemed to be great rejoicing. Presently the senior Canon took the place of the Archbishop, who is very old and feeble, and continued to collect the moisture which still seemed to be rising. During the distribution of the *bambagia* the canons and younger priests were quite as excited as everyone else; I saw a young priest trying to obtain a piece of the cotton-wool, the other end of which was held by another young priest, both equally and good-naturedly excited, though I fear that many Puritanical English would have been shocked at the display of harmless fun. While there I was told that very little of the "manna," as it is called,



had appeared on St. Andrew's day itself; but on this occasion, the octave of the feast, it appeared that more had risen from the relics than had for a very long time past. The quantity which appears may vary considerably. But there is always regret when none appears, yet at the same time it is said that a great deal always comes only before some epidemic is about to visit the place, since a great deal of it is always then required by the sick, who believe in its "virtue." No one could say that there is any illusion in what takes place in the crypt, and as far as I can judge from having seen it several times, publicly and privately, it is one of those extraordinary occurrences which modern sciences have not yet been able to explain. Several times have I for my own satisfaction argued to myself somewhat as a devil's advocate against it, but I still remain convinced that this miracle is an astounding evidence of the reality of "modern miracles," upon which so many pretentious thinkers have tried to throw doubt. At Salerno, not far off, is the crypt of St. Matthew's relics, the same miracle takes place there also, but much more rarely.

One hears Italians talk a great deal about *la caccia* in these parts, it means "shooting," and consists either of small birds, or when in season, of that really excellent little bird the quail. The quails fly over the sea going north during the spring time, and are shot close to the shore, under the lowest lemon terraces, in the early morning, while it is yet dusk, and are also caught in the more open parts in high nets raised upon rows of tall poles. These poles and long lines of ghostly-looking nets have a very curious appearance at night, though in Amalfi the people do not put them in such long lines as is the custom in the island of Capri. At the end of the summer the quails return from the north, and the shooting is then carried on high up in the mountains as they fly over southwards bound. Woodcock is also to be had, but quail shooting is the great sport all along these coasts, and the best birds are those killed returning from the north in September, when they are fatter and have a better flavour.

The inhabitants along these coasts are principally fishermen, and it is delightful on a moonlight night to row out near them when they are pulling up their nets and see the silvery fish glittering with the water dripping from them as they cling to the straining meshes, and then to be quietly rowed back again to the soft strains of the pathetic mandoline and guitar playing

the plaintive southern airs of beautiful Naples, enhanced by the pale light over the sea and the soft azure of the star-lit sky above and the receding moonlit rocky hills of the mainland. Oh, the colour of that sea by day too, the exquisite lights and shades in the distance! Perhaps one day the sea stretches away, pale green and dreamlike, to where the distant hills the other side curve round to the left and form the Bay of Salerno. Those hills appear pale grey lit up by the sun, marked with the most exquisite shades and shrouded in vapoury mist and hazy warmth. There snow-topped summits fading into blue, there sunlit pinkish clouds above in the most exquisite pearly tints, and at the base of these mountains a pale green streak of sea, while nearer there a wide expanse of deeper blue, and still nearer our lesser bay of darker green. The whole a dream, a pale green hazy dream enwrapped in sunshine.

From this lovely little town the people are gradually emigrating. Once a month at night a dozen or so run down the main street of Amalfi, shouting and letting off explosive bombs of gunpowder in their ignorant joy to leave what to them is poverty, and to go to some unknown land, perhaps the United States or even Canada, or often South America, little knowing that they are going into worse poverty and misery, to a climate to which they are unaccustomed, and far from their own beautiful associations.

Talking about the poor people reminds me that they were not always poor. Poor is a comparative expression, and intimates misfortune. There are poor now, and perhaps also some paupers in Amalfi and Atrani, but till the carriage-roads were opened which connect the place with Naples and the outer world, and till steam<sup>1</sup> was introduced with improved machinery, which takes the work out of the poorest class in Italy, the population of these places was strictly and naturally proportioned to the number of dwellings and amount of wealth in the place; in those days therefore there was no pauperism, and the poorest even were not miserable or discontented with their lot in life. It is those days of content and wealth not unevenly scattered, that I fear the too ambitious projects of the present *regime* of Italy are rapidly dissipating.

H. P. FITZGERALD MARRIOTT.

<sup>1</sup> Steam and machinery are as beneficial for some countries and some districts as they are harmful for others. For instance, in Egypt and by the Nile they would be most profitable to the sterile sand and its poor inhabitants.

### *Perkin Warbeck.*

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THE accession of Henry VII. to the crown of England marks the beginning of a new period in the history of our country. The representatives of the two rival families which claimed the throne were supposed to be united in the person of the victor of Bosworth. There was no living rival in the field who could challenge his title, and the army of which he was the leader had accepted him as its undoubted Sovereign. Wearied by half a century of internal warfare the nation thankfully welcomed the compromise offered by the death of Richard and the arrival of Henry, whom they accepted in the hope that he would be as prosperous a Sovereign as he had proved himself to be an able general and a brave soldier.

Although it is clear that to Henry every succeeding monarch who has sat upon the English throne must of necessity trace back his pedigree, yet Henry's own personal title to the crown was far from being satisfactory. Of this no one was more fully aware than himself, and the consciousness of his defective title was to him the source of continued anxiety. Upon whatever ground he founded that title he was encountered by a difficulty. His first and most obvious claim was as the heir of the house of Lancaster, which had been in possession of the crown for more than half a century, and of which the tenure had been confirmed by many Acts of Parliament. But to this argument it might be objected that the validity of such a claim had been condemned by an equal number of Acts of Parliament, which had not only denounced it as a continued usurpation, but had adjudged the crown to the House of York. It might further be urged against Henry that even admitting that several Parliaments had decided in favour of the House of Lancaster, it did not follow as a necessary consequence that the Somerset branch, through which he claimed, could thence derive any advantage, being descended, as they undoubtedly were, from an illegitimate offshoot of that family. To leave the decision

of such delicate points as these to a Parliament seemed too hazardous an experiment; but the only alternative which was left to the victor of Bosworth was equally objectionable. He might strengthen the weakness of his own position by a marriage with the Princess Elizabeth of York, the daughter of King Edward IV.; but here again arose difficulties of no trifling magnitude. To reign in the right of his wife was to admit the nullity of his own. Besides, if Elizabeth should happen to die without issue, in that case her rights would descend to her next sister, and he himself would be then excluded from the throne. Thus driven to extremity, might not he plead the title of conquest? This, the most dangerous of all, demanded a speedy solution in the negative. If he should ascend the throne in virtue of the title of conquest, without regard to the sanction of Parliament and the acceptance of the people at large, by so doing he was conscious that he would have united his friends and his enemies in one common bond against him. He attempted to evade these difficulties by ignoring them. He escaped from the question of pedigree by being crowned before summoning his Parliament, and he delayed his marriage with the undoubted representative of the Yorkists until he had obtained an Act which should secure to him the crown as of his own right. He determined therefore to claim the throne as his inheritance by descent without bringing his title into question; and upon this resolution he acted. Accordingly, when he met his first Parliament he assured its members in general terms that he claimed the crown as well by just title of inheritance as by the true judgment of God who had given him the victory in battle;<sup>1</sup> and the statement, such as it was, passed unchallenged.

To this consciousness of a flaw in his own pedigree we may trace the nervous anxiety with which the first Tudor scanned every movement which might seem to argue the possible uprising of a rival claimant to the throne. Hence too his intense jealousy of the House of York as the probable source of the suspected danger, and all the more so when experience showed him that he had judged correctly. It could originate in fact from no other quarter, though it might have encouragement and assistance from many. He knew that the White Rose flourished in many an English garden, and that of those who had supported him at Bosworth a considerable number

<sup>1</sup> Rot. Parl. vi. 170, 268.

did so because they were the personal enemies of Richard and at the same time friends of the family to which he belonged. Henry could not conceal from himself that the struggle between the Roses was still undecided; and of this consciousness he gave a remarkable proof on the day after the victory of Bosworth.

Before leaving Leicester at the head of his victorious army, Henry despatched Sir Robert Willoughby to Sheriff Hutton, in Yorkshire, with orders to transfer from the castle of that town to the Tower of London, Edward Earl of Warwick, son and heir of George Duke of Clarence. He was at this time an inoffensive lad of about fifteen years of age, who had been committed to prison by order of the late King Richard. If he imagined that the death of this tyrant would restore him to liberty, as he reasonably might, he was mistaken. Richard might be satisfied with Sheriff Hutton, but Henry preferred the Tower of London. The safety of the youth was important. Left to himself he was harmless, but in the hands of others he might be educated so as to become a dangerous instrument of mischief. It was his misfortune to be the nephew to the late King Edward IV., and as such to have been proclaimed Heir-apparent to the throne. In the event of a rising against Henry this youth was sure, willingly or unwillingly, to come to the forefront. Hence his removal to the Tower, in which he remained until the year 1499, when, having been drawn into a treasonable correspondence with Warbeck, he ended his life upon the scaffold. To inherit a tinge of the purple blood of royalty might entail the death of the owner; such at least was the opinion of the first of the Tudor family, and he transmitted this impression to his successors.

The history of the earlier years of Henry's reign is little more than a record of the several attempts which were made to drive him from his unquiet throne. The greater number of these were easily suppressed,<sup>1</sup> but one of them assumed formidable dimensions and was a long continued source of danger. It had an immediate influence upon the history of Scotland, and modified the political relation in which that kingdom for some time afterwards stood in regard to its

<sup>1</sup> I do not undervalue the importance of the attempt made by Lambert Simnel, which led to the Battle of Stoke. In that battle four thousand men are said to have fallen on the side of the insurgents, whilst the royalist troops, led by the King in person, lost about half that number. See *Pol. Verg.* 729; *Hall*, 434.

southern neighbour. We cannot, therefore, do better than leave Perkin Warbeck to give the history of his own pedigree and adventures, which he does in a letter addressed to Isabella Queen of Spain, dated at the town of Andermund (now Dendermond, or Termond, in Belgium), on September 8, 1493. In that letter he affirms that he is none other than Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, the second son of King Edward IV. He goes on to state that his elder brother, the Prince of Wales, was assassinated by order of Richard III. and that the same fate awaited him, but that the hired murderer spared his life and handed him over to certain individuals who pledged themselves for his safe custody. For eight years he had escaped detection and death by removing from one foreign country to another, his *incognito* being always carefully preserved; but at length one of his keepers having died and the other growing weary of his charge, Perkin found himself at liberty to become his own master. After having spent some time in Portugal he went into Ireland where his tale was credited and he was welcomed by the Earls of Ormond and Kildare, as well as by many others of the leading nobility. Wishing to embarrass the English Government, the King of France invited Perkin to his Court and promised to assist him in any attempt which he might be inclined to make against the English usurper, a promise which he did not keep, although he treated the so-called Duke of York with great respect and cordiality. From France Perkin next went to the Court of the Duchess of Burgundy, his father's sister,<sup>1</sup> who welcomed him with open arms. After so many recognitions of his pedigree it was easy for other sovereigns to accept it, and many did so, namely, the King of the Romans, his son the Duke of Austria; and the Kings of Denmark and Scotland were equally cordial. Some of them sent ambassadors to him with professions of brotherhood and offers of assistance. Coming nearer home, several of the English nobility, as Perkin assures the Queen of Spain, were no less demonstrative in secret, for the heavy yoke of their new ruler already pressed upon them, and they would gladly have cast it off. The writer concludes his letter to Queen Isabella, who as he is confident, being not only his relative but also a just and pious Princess, will intercede with her husband to afford the writer the assistance for which he supplicates. He

<sup>1</sup> Margaret, daughter of Richard Duke of York, in 1468 married Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. She died in 1503, without issue.



promises that if he regains his kingdom he will be a more valuable ally than the late King Richard had been; and signs himself, "Richard Plantagenet, second son of the late King Edward, and Duke of York."<sup>1</sup>

Before this letter was written a correspondence had been in progress between the Irish lords who had embraced Perkin's cause and James, King of Scotland, the latter of whom had so far identified himself with the movement as to send his Ambassadors<sup>2</sup> to Maximilian, King of the Romans, urging him to join in a league against Henry, hoping thus to recover Berwick and several other places belonging to their King, which had been unjustly held back by England for many years. Henry attempted to neutralize this formidable combination by offering his daughter Margaret to James in marriage, a proposal which seems to have been met with an indifference which was equivalent to a rejection. The Scottish monarch had in fact already compromised himself, and had chosen his side by embracing the cause of "Prince Richard of England" with that vehemence which too frequently marked his character. He had invited this claimant of the English throne to visit Scotland, an invitation which of course was gladly accepted. The incidents which occurred during his stay and the results which followed from it now claim our attention.

The feeling between these two sovereigns for some time past had been far from cordial, at which we need not be surprised, especially if James knew all that Henry had planned for his personal danger and the ruin of his kingdom. Besides the traditional suspicion and jealousy which had existed from time immemorial between the two realms, and which no lapse of years seemed able to subdue or mitigate, James had a personal cause of complaint against Henry which it was not easy to forget. In the month of April, 1491, John Ramsey, Lord Bothwell, and Sir Thomas Tod, for themselves and others, promised that James, Earl of Buchan, and Sir Thomas Tod should deliver the King of Scots and his brother the Duke of Ross into the hands of Henry; for which, as the bond states, they had already received the sum of £266 13s. 4d. With his usual caution, Henry bargained that the money should be

<sup>1</sup> The concluding "Richard" is apparently an autograph signature. The original of the above letter is in the Egerton MS. 616, fol. 3, and is printed in the *Archæologia*, xxvii. 199.

<sup>2</sup> The four Scottish Ambassadors, "men of prudence and experience," arrived at Worms (where Maximilian resided at that time) on 3 June, 1495. See Brown, *Venet. Cal.* 643—647.



returned by a certain day, and that Tod should deliver his son as a hostage.<sup>1</sup> Nor was this a solitary transaction of the same character, for George Douglas, Earl of Angus, had entered into an agreement with Henry binding himself and his son to do their utmost to prevent the King of Scots from making war upon England, and engaging under certain circumstances that they would deliver up to Henry their important border castle of Hermitage for an equivalent in England.<sup>2</sup> If such facts as these had come to the knowledge of James we cannot wonder if he treated the advances of Henry with an indifference which was akin to contempt.<sup>3</sup>

Perkin arrived in Scotland in November, 1495, and was received at Stirling as "Prince Richard of England," by the Scottish King. He was treated with kindness and respect, and the very liberal allowance of £1,200 a year was awarded to him. James became much attached to him and gave him for his wife his own cousin, the Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntley. He probably accompanied James in his excursions from place to place, and seems to have been resident with him for some considerable time at Perth, Methven, and Falkland. All this was pleasant enough, but it began at last to be felt that the lengthened visit of the heir to the English throne should in some form or other be made to turn to the national benefit; it was determined therefore that Prince Richard should attempt to recover his own rightful inheritance, and James undertook not only to supply him with the means of so doing but to take part with him in his expedition across the border. Preparations upon a large scale were accordingly made for the approaching campaign, and the most brilliant results were anticipated. But a report of all that was passing in Edinburgh was transmitted to London by the traitor Lord Bothwell, who having been permitted by the misplaced clemency of his master to return, thus abused his confidence. It may not

<sup>1</sup> See *Fad.* xii. 440, April 17, 1491. In his Preface to the *Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland*, p. cv., Mr. Dickson thinks that "this was nothing more than a desire to obtain money from Henry VII." It may have been so, but Henry was in earnest when he advanced it. The same or a kindred project for the capture of James by the Earl of Buchan is mentioned in a letter printed by Sir H. Ellis, series i. vol. i. p. 23.

<sup>2</sup> Gairdner, *Letters and Papers*, vol. i. p. 385. The date, 16 Nov. 7 Henry VII. (1491), is added by a modern hand, and may or may not be correct.

<sup>3</sup> The history of Perkin's visit to Scotland has been traced with accuracy by Mr. Dickson, to whose exhaustive Preface to the *Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland*, I gratefully acknowledge my frequent obligations.

be safe perhaps to give entire credence to all his statements, but it would be rash to condemn the whole of them as utterly worthless of acceptance. We must not forget that in the opinion of Henry they were worth the large bribe which he was contented to pay for them, and that Henry was careful how he parted with his ready money.

Taking Bothwell's letter then as it stands it furnishes us with the number of the Scottish troops, and the day and place of their muster, together with an exact account of the pieces of artillery. So impoverished was James that he had not even so much as £100 of uncoined silver in his possession; "his chains, his plate and his cupbords" having been sent to the mint. If we may accept his reports as to the private feelings and temper of the King as well as the publicly expressed sentiments of the common people, we must assume that at this time James was very unpopular, "and there are many of his [late] father's servants who would gladly see a remedy for the death of his father yet."

Bothwell next disclosed what had passed in the council-chamber and the conclusions which had there been arrived at. He had gone to St. Andrews, and had made himself acquainted with the private instructions which had been brought to James from the French King, Charles VIII., who offered 100,000 marks for the delivery of Perkin into his hands. On September 2nd a meeting of council was held, which was attended by the King. Certain proposals were then made to Perkin, as to which he asked time to deliberate. In his answer, given on the following day, he undertook to restore the castle and town of Berwick to Scotland, and to pay 100,000 marks within five years if he should succeed in his attempt upon England. Before concluding what he had to say, he went so far as to sketch out for Henry an outline of that plan of campaign which, in his opinion, would be most conducive to the overthrow of the invading army; and he assured him that "he would not fail by God's grace in this business to do good and acceptable service, and that there shall be no privy thing done, neither about the King nor in his host, but your grace shall have knowledge thereof."<sup>1</sup>

All arrangements for the campaign having now been completed, the army marched from Edinburgh, and passing through Dunse crossed the Tweed and entered Northumber-

<sup>1</sup> Ellis, *Letters*, series i. vol. i. p. 25, from the original in Vesp. c. xvi. f. 152, Orig.

land. A very short experience convinced all connected with the expedition that it was a hopeless failure. That the new King of England should take possession of his realm at the head of an invading army of Scotsmen was a proceeding so incongruous as to condemn the entire undertaking. Of this no one was sooner aware or more thoroughly convinced than Perkin himself. He appears to have parted from James abruptly, and on September 21st he recrossed the Tweed at Coldstream, receiving however from the King the present of a handsome sum of money.<sup>1</sup> After remaining a few days longer in Northumberland, James returned homewards and had reached Edinburgh by October 8th.

It was clear that Scotland was no longer a fitting place of refuge for Perkin. His continued stay therein must necessarily have exposed him to many humiliations, and cannot but have been irksome as well as expensive to the sovereign. It might possibly have led to political complications with his neighbours, costly or even dangerous to the national welfare. Had James been so minded he might have traded upon the price of blood; but to his honour be it said, the national dignity was never compromised in his person. Perkin remained in safety and affluence in Scotland until the second week in July, 1497, when he, his wife, and at least thirty attendants sailed from Ayr in a ship well manned and liberally provided with stores and luxuries. On July 26th he landed at Cork, and after a brief stay in Ireland embarked upon his fatal expedition to Cornwall.<sup>2</sup>

It happened that at this juncture the Cornishmen were in open rebellion against Henry, and imagining that they would strengthen their cause if Perkin were to associate himself with it, they invited him to become their leader. The proposal was gladly accepted, and in September, 1497, that individual landed at Bodmin. The contingent which he brought with him was miserable, consisting of about only one hundred and twenty men, but so great was the influence of his name that ere long three thousand of the natives had joined his standard, and vowed to follow him to the death. Doubtless they were brave men, and ready to keep their promise; but nothing could have been more imprudent than their line of action. Their first blunder was to besiege the city of Exeter, which was well fortified and well garrisoned. Failing to break open the

<sup>1</sup> *Treasurer's Accounts*, i. Pref. cxlii.

<sup>2</sup> The greater part of these details is taken from the *Accounts of the Treasurer of Scotland*, a charming volume to which we bid adieu with much regret.

gates with their battle-axes and sledge-hammers—for they had no artillery—they attempted an escalade, in which they lost two hundred of their number, and were repulsed. Despairing of success at Exeter, Perkin abandoned the siege and marched to Taunton. Here he made his preparations for the battle which he was aware must take place on the morrow; for the King with a large body of troops was close at hand. But no battle was fought, for at midnight, accompanied by about sixty horsemen, Perkin abandoned the insurgents and fled to a sanctuary near Southampton called Beaulieu,<sup>1</sup> where he and a few others entered their names as inmates, thereby claiming the privileges accorded to the foundation. Thus secure within the sacred precincts his life was safe, but for how long? an urgent question, for the royal troops had surrounded the building, and escape was impossible. His disheartened followers now surrendered at discretion, and threw themselves upon the King's mercy. Henry did not show himself as vindictive as his successor would have done. Perkin's wife was discovered in St. Michael's Mount and brought to Henry, who treated her with respectful kindness.<sup>2</sup> In his conduct towards this lady he appears to advantage, but the like praise cannot be awarded to him for the manner in which he dealt with such of the rebels as had submitted themselves to his clemency. They were made to feel the royal supremacy dealt out in a fashion which strongly marks the dominant element in the character of the first Tudor. He appointed commissioners who were empowered to inflict fines upon the rebels and traitors who had joined "a certain idol or image, Peter Warbeck by name, a man of low rank," and they were likewise furnished by him with extensive powers throughout the whole of Devonshire and Cornwall.<sup>3</sup> The result was eminently successful, and large sums flowed into the royal coffers. A source of wealth at once so reasonable and so easily set in motion was not to be neglected. Accordingly, in the year 1500, a commission was issued which extended to the counties of Somerset, Dorset, Wiltshire, and Southampton; the King having discovered that many of the inhabitants of these

<sup>1</sup> A Cistercian priory, founded by King John in 1204, having the privilege of sanctuary, which it retained to a late time for debtors.

<sup>2</sup> Various payments were made to her by Henry's order; she received a pension not only from him but also from Henry VIII. (see Cal. under 4th May and 9th August, 1510), and having married (secondly) Sir Matthew Cradock, was with him buried in Swansey Church.

<sup>3</sup> *Ford*, xii. 696, dated September 13, 1498.

counties had joined "the Idol," and had not obtained pardon for their treason.<sup>1</sup> "All these offenders Henry determined to plague and scourge according to the quantity of their crime and offence with great fines and sore assessments," and by a happy coincidence it so fell out that the greater the guilt of the criminal, the greater was the advantage which accrued to the party whom he had injured.

We must return, however, to Perkin who, safe within the precincts of Beaulieu, continued to be a source of anxiety to Henry. The King's experience convinced him that in some form or other the attempt would be made to dethrone him so long as Perkin, that Flemish pretender, continued to be alive and at liberty, but how to lay hands upon him was the question. While the King was still at Exeter, it had been discussed by the Council, and different opinions had been expressed. Some members of it advised that Perkin should be removed from the enclosure by force, on the plea that the public safety would justify such an extreme measure. They further urged that the King and the Pope could easily arrange any difficulties which might happen to arise. Others held that to do so would embitter many against the King, who, they urged, could now afford to look with contempt upon the ruined adventurer. A third party assured the King that the great body of the people would never be induced to believe that Perkin was an impostor until he himself should admit that he was so. The King was of this last opinion, which was accepted by the Council, and Perkin was given to understand that his life would be spared upon the condition that he should make a full confession of the fraud which he had so long practised, and disclose the details of his real history. He gladly accepted the offer, and was sent without delay to London. On the way thither he was exposed to many insults, which he is said to have borne with courage and calmness. On arriving in the city he was made to ride through Cheapside and Cornhill to the Tower, and thence to Westminster. At a short distance behind him came one of his councillors, a blacksmith, who when Warbeck fled to the sanctuary thought that he would escape detection by putting on the dress of a hermit, clad in which costume he

<sup>1</sup> *Fed.* xii. 766; *Hall's Chron.* p. 487. The Royal MS. 14 B vii. contains the account of Robert Sherburn, Dean of St. Paul's, and other commissioners, of the fines levied by them upon certain offenders in these counties in having favoured and assisted Michel Joseph, James, late Lord Audley, and "a certain idol, or image, Peter Warbec, a Fleming by birth." The Abbot of Osney paid £100; of Cliff and Ford, £60 each; of Muchelney, £60; and John Speke of Whitlakyntone, Knight, £200.

now formed a conspicuous figure in the procession, being seated on horseback, and bound hand and foot. He was executed a few days afterwards.

Shortly afterwards appeared a document which professed to be Perkin's account of his own history. It was in his own handwriting, and was read by himself in the hearing of the Londoners. It is said to have been printed at the time, but no copy of any such imprint is known to exist; Hall, however, has given it at full length in his *Chronicle*. In this document, after a few details as to his parentage, Perkin is made to say that he was born at Tournay, and that his father's name was John Osbeck. He then enlarges upon many particulars as to his early years, which have no bearing whatever upon the subject immediately in question. At length he tells us how he arrived in Cork, the townsmen of which insisted that he was the son of the Duke of Clarence. He states that he denied this upon the Gospels and the Cross, yet they assured him that he was mistaken, "and that if he would take it upon him boldly, they would aid him with all their power against the King of England, and that the Earls of Desmond and Kildare would do the same." Then against his will they made him learn English, and taught him what he should do and say. The French King invited him into that country, and the narrative ends with the words, "And I went into France, and from thence into Flanders, and from Flanders into Ireland, and from Ireland into Scotland, and so into England."

This document, such as it now stands, can have done little to accomplish the end which it was intended to serve. The adventurer professes to make Englishmen acquainted with the history of his birth and education, and to explain to them the means by which he had all but succeeded in wresting the sceptre of the realm from the monarch who sat upon the throne. His family, his birth, his education, are recorded with minuteness. They occupy more than half of the so-called Confession, but the remaining portion is far from satisfactory from its suspicious want of precision. The Earls of Desmond and Kildare are named; but their complicity was an acknowledged fact of notoriety. The name of the Duchess of Burgundy is not once mentioned. Nothing is said of the Emperor or the Archduke, the King of France or the King of Scotland; nothing of the treasonable correspondence, which, as was notorious, had for long been carried on between Warbeck and a considerable party among the nobility and gentry of England. Taking it as it stands, the document as a whole was calculated rather to



damage the royal cause than to aid it, and Henry showed less than his usual foresight and prudence in causing it to be published. Men disregarded its statements, such as they were, and its silence told more than its assertions.<sup>1</sup>

For the time Henry was satisfied. Having done what was required of him Perkin was sent back to the Tower, the severities of which seemed to him to be intensified rather than mitigated, until they became intolerable. Perhaps it was intended that such should be the case, and that he should have the opportunity of uttering his griefs and confidences to a fellow-prisoner. This was no other than Edward, Earl of Warwick, of whom mention has already been made. He had been in custody there from the date of the Battle of Bosworth, and his only crime was that he happened to be of the family of York. The education of this young man had been miserably neglected; he had associated only with the warders of the prison, and as he was confined within its walls he had no experience of the commonest duties or events of daily life. A youth like this, who according to the illustration of Polydore Vergil scarcely knew a hen from a goose, easily submitted himself to the plausible influence of Warbeck; and Warbeck persuaded him that it would be easy for both of them to escape from the Tower and to reach the Continent, where ample support would be forthcoming. The attempt was made, and, as might have been predicted, it was a failure. They were captured and brought back to London; Perkin was hanged, Warwick was beheaded,<sup>2</sup> and two more thorns were thus plucked from the crown which sat so uneasily on the brow of Henry VII. Was Warbeck what he claimed to be, or was he what Henry affirmed him to be? The question has never been satisfactorily decided, and probably will never be, unless indeed some new evidence shall be produced. As the matter stands at present the probabilities appear to be evenly balanced; and we can afford to let it remain an unsolved problem.

<sup>1</sup> How much of this paper was drawn up by Perkin himself? This probably we shall never know, but I venture to believe that one trace of his hand may be recognized in it. When he arrives at Cork, "some of the town came unto me and *threped* upon me that I should be the Duke of Clarence son." (Hall, p. 489.) What is the meaning of that word "*to threep*"? and where did he learn it? It means, to repeat with earnestness an assertion which has been disputed, it is unknown in England, but is common in Scotland. He must have heard it there, and as it well suited his narrative, he used it.

<sup>2</sup> November 23 and 28, 1499.



## *The Seventy "Weeks" of Daniel: A Suggestion.*

No one who is even slightly acquainted with the discussions to which the famous prophecy of the seventy "weeks"<sup>1</sup> of Daniel has given rise, will venture to affirm that any solution of the principal problem involved is so perfectly satisfactory and so surely true as to exclude all others, or that the door is closed against an attempt to interpret the passage on lines which are in fact new. Such an attempt we propose to make, by way of suggestion, in the following pages.<sup>2</sup>

To facilitate the understanding of what follows, it may be well to give at the outset a brief chronological table indicating the dates of the chief events to which we shall have occasion to refer.

Ascension of Artaxerxes (Can. Ptol.).....	465-4	B.C.
His seventh year, and first decree (Esdr. vii.) .....	458-7	"
His twentieth year, and second decree (Nehem. ii.)..	445-4	"
His twenty-eighth year, and restoration of Jerusalem (Josephus) .....	437-6	"
End of 62 "weeks" (434 years) measured from the 28th Artax. (our hypothesis), and Birth of our Lord (A.U.C. 752, Riess) .....	3-2	"
Baptism of our Lord (Riess) .....	29	A.D.
Death of Jesus ( <i>id.</i> ) .....	33	" <sup>3</sup>
Taking of Jerusalem by Titus .....	68	"

The prevailing opinion among recent Catholic commentators, an opinion which is shared also by many who are not Catholics, is that the seventy "weeks" of Daniel, reckoned as "weeks of years," are to be counted from the decree of the seventh

<sup>1</sup> Daniel ix. 24-27.

<sup>2</sup> Another attempt at a new interpretation has been made by the Abbé de Moor in the *Revue Biblique*, No. I, Jan. 1892. While unable to follow the learned writer, we are indebted to him for the suggestion that the current explanations are unsatisfactory, and that the solution of the problem is yet to seek.

<sup>3</sup> Our hypothesis, as will appear, is not inconsistent with the opinion which places our Lord's birth in B.C. 4, and His baptism and death in A.D. 24 and 29. But the dates given in the text, arrived at on independent grounds by Father Riess (*Zeitschr f. K. T.* 1883, pp. 581, seq.) appear to us more probable, and certainly agree better with our reckoning.

year of Artaxerxes,<sup>1</sup> by which, as is thought, permission was given to restore the fortifications of Jerusalem.<sup>2</sup> Now the seventh year of Artaxerxes, according to the canon of Ptolemy, is the year 458-7 B.C. Sixty-nine "year-weeks" amount to 483 years. And so the end of the sixty-ninth week would coincide with the year 26 A.D., the date, according to some chronologists, of our Lord's baptism.<sup>3</sup> The death of Jesus in A.D. 29 (?) would thus coincide, as it ought, with the middle of the last of the seventy weeks.

Against this view it is objected that the decree of the seventh year of Artaxerxes, the substance of which, if not the very text of the royal ordinance, is given in Esdras vii., contains not a word about the rebuilding of walls or fortifications, but merely confers upon Esdras certain general powers relating principally to the religious ordinances of the Jews.

According to another view, held by many Catholic commentators, the reckoning is to be made from the decree mentioned in Nehemias ii. and issued in the twentieth year of Artaxerxes. This decree undoubtedly did give authority to Nehemias to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem; indeed such was the very purpose for which the ordinance was asked for and granted. But on the other hand, the adoption of the twentieth year of Artaxerxes involves the upholders of this opinion in chronological difficulties. For inasmuch as the twentieth year of Artaxerxes, according to the Ptolemaic canon, fell in 445-4 B.C., it is necessary either to impute a very considerable error to the chronology of Ptolemy, or else to suppose that the years of Artaxerxes' reign are reckoned from the time (475-4 B.C.) at which it is *assumed* that he was associated in the government with his father Xerxes. On the other hand, this view brings down our Lord's baptism to A.D. 29 (for  $454 + 29 = 483$ ), and His death to A.D. 33, which is perhaps, rather than A.D. 29, the correct date.

But apart from the special considerations which militate against either of these views taken singly, and so far in favour of the other, there are certain grave objections which appear to us to lie equally against both.

By way of introduction to these objections it is necessary

<sup>1</sup> Esdras vii.

<sup>2</sup> The seventy weeks in the prophecy are measured "from the going forth of the word to restore and to rebuild Jerusalem."

<sup>3</sup> "From the going forth of the word . . . to Christ the Prince shall be seven weeks and sixty-two weeks." So the Vulgate rightly. The punctuation of the Revised Version here destroys the sense of the passage.

to call attention to the fact that the seventy "weeks" are divided, in the text, into three portions, consisting respectively of seven "weeks," of sixty-two "weeks," and of one "week." The seven weeks are assigned to the restoration of the city, or rather to the building of the walls; the sixty-two mark the interval between the completion of the building and the coming of "Messiah the Prince;" to the one week belongs all that is said concerning the Messiah. We have no wish to complicate our argument by introducing here the minutiae of a verbal commentary on the text. It must be enough to say that the general sense of verses 25—26a, as rightly understood, *e.g.*, by Father Knabenbauer, is (expressing it by a paraphrase): "There shall be seven weeks and sixty-two weeks; in the seven weeks the city shall be restored *in angustia temporum* (of which phrase more anon); after the sixty-two weeks the Christ shall [come, and shall] be slain."

Now, this being supposed, our objections to the received view, in either of its two forms as described above, are briefly these:

1. In the first place, according to the received view, no historical fact, related to the prophecy, can be pointed out as marking the close of the first period of seven "weeks." It is a mere assumption to suppose (with Father Knabenbauer and others) that the restoration of the city was in fact completed in a period of forty-nine years either from the seventh or from the twentieth year of Artaxerxes.<sup>1</sup> Indeed it is worse than an assumption. Not only is there no scrap of historical evidence in favour of such a date, but there is very explicit testimony to the contrary. For the words of Nehemias<sup>2</sup> make it perfectly clear that his work of restoration was completed before the thirty-second year of Artaxerxes, *i.e.*, within twenty-five years of the earliest possible date of the "decree." And later writers<sup>3</sup> refer to Nehemias and to him alone as the restorer of the city.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Per septem hebdomadas, *i.e.*, 49 annos Jerusalem restituetur et ædificabitur. Ita ex vaticinio. Proin c. annum 408 ædificatio erat completa. *Id ex rerum gestarum monumentis non satis potest demonstrari, cum testimonia certa desint.*" (Knabenbauer, *Daniel*, p. 253.) Whether the readers of this admirable commentary will be satisfied with the grounds on which the author thinks it probable that the restoration of the city was in fact completed about 408 B.C. we know not. To us they are very far from convincing.

<sup>2</sup> Nehem. vi. 15; cf. v. 14; xiii. 6, seq.

<sup>3</sup> Ecclus. xlix. 15; 2 Mach. i. 18, seq.

<sup>4</sup> If it be objected that the restoration referred to in Daniel ix. 25, is not a mere rebuilding of boundary walls but a laying out of streets or squares (*r'choh*), we answer

2. Secondly, the prophecy would certainly at first sight seem to imply that the events predicted in verses 26b—27, viz., the coming of an alien people with their prince, the destruction of the city and sanctuary, and the setting up of the "abomination of desolation" in the holy place—all belong to the last "week" of the seventy. But the upholders of the received view are driven to suppose that these events were to take place *after the close of the seventy weeks*, with which, according to this view, they were connected only by way of moral and historical consequence.

3. Lastly, if the concluding week is understood to end three and a half years after the death of our Lord we are confronted, on any reckoning of that date, with the difficulty that the close of the entire period of seventy year-weeks is marked by no prominent historical fact. Which is, to say the least, singular.

Now we will not go so far as to say that these three objections are fatal to the received interpretation; but it must, we think, be admitted that they are not without weight. And if an explanation can be found which (1) can point to an historical fulfilment of the rebuilding of this city in seven "weeks," which (2) without doing violence to chronology, can bring the whole of the events referred to in verses 26—27 within the compass of the last "week," and which (3) can point to an historical fact of the first importance, foretold in the prophecy itself, as marking the close of the whole period of seventy "weeks," such an interpretation would at least claim attention. Such is the interpretation which we have here to propose.

In the first place it is to be noted that it is nowhere asserted in the text of the prophecy that the weeks are "weeks of years." The expression *Shabu'im* means, etymologically, no more than "(periods) of seven,"<sup>1</sup> and how these "periods of seven" are to be counted is not explained. Now if a period of time were described, even in the obscure language of prophecy, merely as consisting of "seventy periods of seven," we should of course be constrained to suppose that, whatever the measure of these periods might be, one and the same measure must hold throughout that whatever *r'chob* may mean (and we take it to mean here the whole area of the city or aggregate of spaces enclosed by the *charuts* or wall), the word occurs in Nehem. viii. 1, where the governor assembles the people in the "*r'chob* which is before the water-gate." And this is enough for our argument.

<sup>1</sup> *Shabua'yamin* = "a period of seven days." (Daniel x. 2.)

out; that the seventy periods must be all of the same length. But when the number seventy is explicitly broken up into three parts,  $7+62+1$ , it is at least conceivable, *having regard to the enigmatical character of prophetic language*, that the seven "weeks" are of a different character from the sixty-two, and these again from the one. It is at least conceivable that the seven "weeks" might be "weeks of days," the sixty-two "weeks of years," and that the concluding "week" ought to be computed by taking for a basis a yet larger unit of measurement. Now it seems to us that there are not wanting indications that the  $(7+62+1)$  weeks are to be thus understood:

7 weeks of days,  
62 weeks of years,  
1 week of 70 years.

The argument, it will be observed, is not of the form, "Because it is possible therefore it is true." But it was necessary to assert in the first place the possibility of such a computation in order to pave the way for a consideration of the grounds which make this computation at least probable.

1. First then it will be noticed that the building of the city walls or restoration of the city is spoken of as taking place (1) in 7 weeks, and (2) *in angustia temporum*. Now supposing this rendering of the Vulgate, supported as it is by the LXX., Syriac, and Arabic versions, to be correct, I would ask, does not the phrase suggest seven natural weeks or weeks of days?<sup>1</sup> That the city walls should be forty-nine years in building, would indeed be remarkable, but that they should be built in forty-nine days would certainly be a fact yet more worthy of record, and would precisely answer to the phrase *in angustia temporum*.<sup>2</sup>

2. Now what are the facts of the case? In Nehemias (2 Esdras) vi. 15, we are explicitly told that the city walls *were* rebuilt, or at any rate that the final stages of the work were achieved, in fifty-two days! But whether we take the fifty-two days as approximately equivalent to seven weeks (forty-nine days); or whether we suppose that the work was in fact substantially completed in forty-nine days, and that the additional three days may be assigned to the finishing off of the operations; or whether the three additional days are precisely those

<sup>1</sup> And if the unit of the sixty-two weeks is greater than that of the seven, the presumption will be in favour of a still larger unit for the final week.

<sup>2</sup> It is perhaps possible, but certainly not necessary, to render *ʿtsog ha'ittim* "in difficult times," or "in times of oppression."

mentioned in Nehemias ii. 11; it must at least be admitted that the correspondence of Nehemias vi. 15 with Daniel ix. 25 is very remarkable.

3. But this is not all. We learn from Josephus<sup>1</sup> that the rebuilding of the walls took place *in the twenty-eighth year of Xerxes* (i.e., *Artaxerxes*), in other words, in B.C. 437-6. Measure from this date sixty-two "weeks of years," or 434 years, and you have the year B.C. 3-2, i.e., either approximately or actually that of our Lord's birth! Nor will it avail to object that the *decree* of Artaxerxes belongs to the twentieth year of his reign. The terms of the prophecy do not necessarily imply the decree of a Persian king. The "going forth of the word" for the rebuilding may just as well be understood of the instructions given by Nehemias to commence the work, or to hasten its completion.

4. Lastly a period of seventy years from B.C. 3-2 brings us to the taking of Jerusalem by Titus in A.D. 68. Thus, on our hypothesis, the last "week" of the prophecy

(1) includes the whole life of the Messiah;

(2) includes the whole of the events referred to in vv. 26, 27;

(3) leaves half a week from the death of our Lord (A.D. 33) to the destruction of the Holy City and Temple by Titus (A.D. 68).<sup>2</sup>

If it be objected that the period of seventy years for the last week is arbitrarily chosen, we reply: (*a*) that the change of unit from days (for the seven weeks) to years (for the sixty-two weeks) authorizes, if it does not enforce, the transition to a still larger unit (ten years) for the concluding "period of seven;" (*β*) that the events predicted in vv. 26, 27 imply a period longer than seven years (since they include the whole lifetime of the Messiah) and of themselves suggest either forty-nine ( $7 \times 7$ ) or seventy ( $7 \times 10$ ); (*γ*) that prophecy must be, in part at least, interpreted by fulfilment, and that it is the actual fulfilment which has led to the interpretation of the weeks (rightly as concerns sixty-two of them) as "weeks of years."

<sup>1</sup> *Ant. Jud.* xi. 5-8.

<sup>2</sup> It will be noted that if the year of our Lord's birth be thrown back to B.C. 4, the length of the last week will slightly exceed seventy years, while the period of sixty-two weeks (the longest of the three) remains approximately correct. It is hardly necessary to insist upon the truth that a reckoning in round numbers is as admissible for a septimal as for a decimal scale.



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It may be added that this method of reckoning, *and perhaps this method alone*, accounts for the widespread expectation of the Messiah *at the time of our Lord's birth*, thirty years previous to His baptism.

It is true of course that the authority of Josephus in chronological matters is very far from unimpeachable. And it must be admitted that the account given by Nehemias would seem, at first sight, to imply that the rebuilding of the walls followed immediately on the issue of the decree, and was completed within the twentieth year of Artaxerxes. This consideration is of sufficient weight to prevent us from putting forward our explanation of the "weeks" as anything more than a suggestion. But on the other hand, Josephus must have found his date (28 Artax.) in some document; and again the account in Nehemias is not quite so clear as it appears on the surface. The fifty-two days may refer, as has been said, to a final stage of the work of restoration. And the words of Nehemias vv. 14—18, in which he describes the self-denying frugality of his administration, seem to suggest that some considerable time had passed between his appointment as governor and the complaints uttered against him in vv. 1—5. At any rate, the correspondence of the fifty-two days of Nehemias vi. 15 with the seven weeks of building *in angustia temporum*, and on the other hand the entirely undesigned coincidence of the interval between the date given by Josephus and the birth of our Lord with the length of sixty-two year-weeks, are too striking not to deserve, at least, more attention than they have received.

Whether this hypothesis has been proposed by any previous writer I do not know. Very probably it may have been.<sup>1</sup> But at any rate the widely-divergent opinions which have prevailed from the earliest times as to the mode of interpreting the prophecy of the seventy weeks are sufficient to prove that, so far as exegetical and theological considerations are concerned, the question is an open one, not predetermined either by any distinct authoritative pronouncement, or by the consensus of Fathers, theologians, or commentators.

HERBERT LUCAS.

<sup>1</sup> As regards the reckoning of the sixty-two weeks from the twenty-eighth year of Artaxerxes (Josephus, l.c.) to the birth of our Lord, and the stress laid on the Messianic expectation prevalent about that time, we find, since writing the above, that we have been anticipated by Mr. Bosanquet. (*Messiah the Prince*, pp. 461, 156.) But with the rest of his explanation our suggestion has nothing in common.



## *Giordano Bruno.*

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IN the spacious courtyard of "Il Gesù Vecchio," now belonging to the University of Naples, are the statues of two men who were indeed widely different in their lives. One is that of St. Thomas of Aquin, who spent part of his saintly and laborious existence in the Dominican monastery situate in the heart of the ancient city ; while the other, the recent erection of which is due to modern Italian infidelity, represents another Dominican friar, who, forsaking his faith and his Order, is unhappily known to posterity as being the father of the modern pantheistic school.<sup>1</sup>

The history of Giordano Bruno's life and opinions has been frequently and enthusiastically described by the pantheistic philosophers and freethinkers of the present century, especially those of Germany. The biographical sketch now offered to the reader will be of a more impartial character, and, viewed as a Catholic must view it, this strange, stormy career will present the spectacle of great talent wilfully misused ; of a mind whose genius was corrupted by the canker of pride ; and of a heart which, formed for noble aspirations, chose rather to do evil than good.

Giordano Bruno was born at Nola, a small town near Mount Vesuvius, which, founded by a wandering band of Greek colonists, was afterwards known in ancient history by its successful defiance of the Carthaginian troops under Hannibal. Here also died the Emperor Octavius Augustus, A.D. 14 ; and in the fifth century, the holy Bishop Paulinus replaced the rattles hitherto used in the churches by sweet full-toned bells ; a happy innovation which throughout fourteen centuries has soothed many weary hearts, and has recalled the thought of God and prayer to human beings absorbed in the bustle of worldly affairs.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Nola possessed a settlement descended from the German mercenaries, who often

<sup>1</sup> Emil Saisset, "Giordano Bruno," *Revue des deux Mondes*, 1842.

over-ran Italy at that period. Bruno's father, who was a soldier, married a girl with the Teuton name Fraulissa, and their son was born, if not in the settlement, at least near it, in 1550, and was christened Filippo.

Hardly anything is known of his early youth until his tenth or eleventh year, when he was sent to Naples, and probably lived there under the care of his uncle, a silk weaver, while studying in the daytime at the University, or diligently attending public and private lectures on logic, dialectics, arithmetic, geometry, physics, and all the other branches of learning common at that time. Having reached his fifteenth year, Filippo had to choose his future career, but to Neapolitans, under the despotic rule of Spanish Viceroy, there could be only the choice between the army or the Church.

The unhappy country was ravaged by pestilence, earthquakes, and famine; and the sea-coast was infested by Turkish rovers seeking slaves and gold. Filippo Bruno therefore decided on the conventual life, not from the impulse of a true vocation, but, as he said himself in later years, simply as a refuge from secular turmoils, and as a place where he could pursue his studies in peaceful retirement. The Dominican Order being remarkable for its love of learning, and possessing at Naples the Convent of San Domenico Maggiore, the home, three hundred years previously, of St. Thomas of Aquin, Bruno determined to seek there the quiet retreat which he could not find in the world. His keen and brilliant intellect and extraordinary talents were doubtless well known to the Friars Preachers, who made no demur in giving their white habit to the Neapolitan youth with the noble Grecian head and features and dark eyes, who presented himself at their convent doors. His baptismal name was replaced by that of Giordano, the Italian equivalent of that of Blessed Jordan of Saxony, who had been General of the Order in its early days.

San Domenico Maggiore, at present the property of the scientific institute of the "Accademia Pontaniana," is situated on a hill with gardens surrounded by cloisters. The beautiful church was built in 1285 by Charles II. and consecrated by Pope Alexander IV. In it are many fine pictures, including a portrait of St. Dominic, and also the crucifix from which, according to the legend, a voice came, saying: "Thou hast written well of Me, Thomas, what wilt thou?" "None other but Thyself, Lord," replied the humble Dominican Saint,

whose cell is still shown in the convent as well as a fragment of his chair; and the lecture-room, where King Alphonso I. and his courtiers stood among the novices, listening to the luminous discourses delivered by the "Angel of the schools."

Into this lecture-hall came Giordano Bruno to study theology with his brethren. His poetic eloquence, his wit, his ardent nature, his fertile and impetuous imagination, his already considerable knowledge, with a burning love of study, were all appreciated by the Fathers, who began to hope that another great name would hereafter be added to the glorious roll which is the jewelled crown of St. Dominic's children.

Gradually, however, these hopes were disappointed by the discovery that their brilliant scholar was full of intellectual pride, which impelled him on a course of daring speculation, unrestrained by reverence for the mysteries which God has revealed. Bruno was, moreover, restless, fantastic, and indocile,<sup>1</sup> and his conduct in the Novitiate, where he attacked a comrade for reading some work on the Blessed Virgin, and his behaviour in the schools, shocking his masters by his incredulous and heretical assertions with regard to the mystery of the Holy Trinity, all caused much dismay. According to one of his admirers, he seemed to have fallen like "a firebrand" into the quiet Dominican cloister. The Superiors were twice on the point of summoning Bruno to trial, but in their anxiety to save a tempted soul they would not proceed to any severe measures, but charitably did all in their power to calm his restless spirit, to solve his doubts, and to inspire him with that humility which alone preserves those who have great mental gifts from the fate of Lucifer.

Bruno perceiving that expulsion from the convent would entail the loss of all means to continue his studies, temporized; and so well did he impose on his Superiors, that he was allowed to be professed, and was at a later period ordained a priest, although he admitted at his trial that from his eighteenth year he disbelieved the mystery of the Trinity. It is asserted he also doubted the mystery of Transubstantiation, and the Virginity of our Blessed Lady.<sup>2</sup> Bruno thus concealing through policy his heretical opinions, took his vows, first as a friar and then as a priest, with a deliberate falsehood on his lips and cynical disbelief in his heart. He remained for thirteen years

<sup>1</sup> Frith, *Life of Giordano Bruno the Nolan*.

<sup>2</sup> Saisset, *Revue de deux Mondes*, 1842.

at San Domenico, acquiring a vast amount of knowledge, reading extensively and studying mathematics. He also wrote poems, and even gave lectures on St. Thomas of Aquin. He applied himself particularly to the study of the ancient philosophers, especially Plato, where he imbibed much of the unruly and Pagan cast of thought which characterized his later career. From the time of his ordination he placed little restraint upon his tongue, never heeding on whom fell his biting sarcasm. Provided he could raise a laugh or startle curiosity, he paid no attention to his style. This frequently brought him into collision with the Dominicans, and he once said that having no consolation he sought it from the muses, who became his refuge in times of weariness and peril. No thought of God nor of religion appears to have been habitual to this unfortunate man, who thus expressed sentiments more suitable to a mere philosopher than to a friar. He also declared that there was no truer nor more essential painter than a lively fancy, which in his case was completely untrammelled. Like fire, fancy is a good servant but a bad master. Mr. Ruskin tells us that "she is one of the hardest hearted of the intellectual faculties, or rather one of the most purely and simply intellectual. She cannot be made serious, no edged tools but she will play with."<sup>1</sup> He also compares her to a squirrel that plays "in its circular prison and is happy."

Bruno gave full liberty to this will o' the wisp that fantastically beckoned him slowly but surely onward into the swamps of infidelity and apostacy. He commenced the science of astronomy, and openly defended the theory of the earth's motion advanced by Copernicus against that taught by Aristotle, who at that period was regarded by the schoolmen as being an almost infallible authority.

In an essay published many years ago, we are wrongly informed that the rejection of the received Scriptural notion as to the origin of mankind, doubts as to the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement, all arose from the admission of this scientific fact.<sup>2</sup> Now this is quite erroneous, for the motion of the earth and other astronomical problems then perplexing inquiring minds, were never considered by the Church as articles of faith like the mysteries, though doubtless in the absence of sufficient knowledge, novel opinions on

<sup>1</sup> *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. ch. iii. sec. 2.

<sup>2</sup> "Giordano Bruno," by Isa Blagden, *Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1871.

these subjects were often temporarily regarded as heretical in tendency, and as such were prosecuted by the Inquisition.

People who are not Catholics, or who may be prejudiced against our creed, are apt to confound Catholic opinions in temporal matters with the dogmas of our religion. All are inaccurately jumbled together in charming confusion, without the smallest attempt at a fair definition; and in every discordant key these worthy folks harp variations, more or less false, upon the dreadful intolerance, the ignorance, and wilful blindness of the antiquated Catholic Church. Though Bruno excited much anger by his attack upon the teaching of the Stagirite, and by his decidedly advanced and acute perception of astronomical problems, it was not for these he was condemned by his Superiors, but for his presumption in calling on men to recognize the supremacy of Nature; a heretical and pantheistic doctrine which sought to install the creature above its Creator, instead of rendering nature subservient to God, who called it forth from chaos.

Bruno beginning to show himself in his real colours and to express opinions at complete variance with Catholic doctrine, the Provincial of the Province was obliged to order that he should be placed upon his trial; a decree which Bruno met by the expedient of flight to the Monastery of Sancta Maria sopra la Minerva in Rome. He remained only a few days here, his friends having warned him that the Neapolitan Fathers were about to appeal against him, on account of his two-fold denial of the Divinity of Jesus Christ and of the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. Bruno commenced his wandering life by throwing aside the habit which he had promised to wear *usque ad mortem*.

According to Monsieur Saisset, he leapt as it were from the faith of a Christian monk to the extreme limits of scepticism; his heart being corroded by the acrid Italian incredulity which was the bane of that era. He maintained the eternal duration of this universe, in direct contradiction of the express words of Scripture; he opposed the worship of nature to the religion of Christianity and grace; he explained what was supernatural by the rules of materialism, and only beheld superstitious motives in the pious practices of the Catholic faith. The opinions of Pythagoras, Plato, Plotinus, and other pantheistic philosophers formed also part of the literary baggage which Bruno carried with him on leaving his cloister, his country, and

his Church, to undertake his audacious warfare against every authority, spiritual or secular; braving the thunders of the schools and the Church alike, and only avoiding the consequences of one storm by running to excite another elsewhere by his bitter tongue and mocking spirit; all respect for his neighbour's feelings being effaced by that overweening pride of heart which "standing on a grain of dust or two of human knowledge higher than our fellows," thinks therefrom "to behold the Creator."<sup>1</sup>

Bruno set off for Genoa, where, finding the town a prey to pestilence and turmoils, he retired to Noli, a small place near Savona, where he maintained himself for five months, teaching boys and reading astronomical works with scholars in the neighbourhood. Bruno then went to Venice, and published there a small book on the signs of the times. Being dedicated to a learned Florentine Dominican, it was probably written in orthodox style, but this is merely conjecture, as the work has disappeared.

Bruno lectured for a short time at the University of Padua, where he met some Dominicans who persuaded him to resume his habit. Having had a very frigid reception at the Dominican monastery at Chambéry, Bruno hastened to Geneva, and was visited by a Neapolitan exile of the Calvinist sect, who inquired why he had left his convent to come to Geneva. He soon induced Bruno to cast aside his habit again, and assisted him in procuring a secular costume. Bruno then obtained employment in a printing-office as proof corrector, an occupation at that day often undertaken by scholars. He also attended the Calvinist sermons, but as they produced no effect upon him, the leaders of the sect intimated that if he did not choose to be convinced by their superior logic they would refuse him all further assistance and would expel him from the town. Bruno, who afterwards called these reformers "Deformities," retorted hotly, and as the Calvinists supported Aristotle quite as warmly as the Catholics, Bruno thought it prudent to depart; lest he might perhaps meet with the fate of the Spaniard Servetus, who, obnoxious alike to Catholics and Calvinists, was burned alive by the stern Beza, Calvin's successor.

In the indifferent nineteenth century, it is not easy to comprehend how our forefathers could abhor all social contact with those who did not share their religious principles. The Reformers

<sup>1</sup> Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. part v. ch. v.



were quite as ready to burn, torture, or hang Catholics, as these are regarded as being to employ the same coercive measures. An American historian whose sympathies were enlisted against Catholicity, confesses that the so-called "heretics to the English Church were persecuted, fined, imprisoned, mutilated, and murdered by sword, rope, and fire, and in some respects the practice towards those who dissented from Elizabeth was more immoral and illogical, if less cruel than that to which those were subjected who rebelled against Sixtus."<sup>1</sup> Intolerance was prevalent everywhere, and burning at the stake was generally regarded by all parties much in the same light as were the indiscriminate hanging laws, which up to the present century were a disgrace to the constitution of Protestant England.

Lyons being a great book-market, attracted Bruno, but no employment being forthcoming, he went to the University of Toulouse, where he was permitted to lecture and teach "in the jaws of the lion, Toulouse being a bulwark of the Inquisition." The very fact that Bruno was left unmolested is a proof that the dread tribunal could not really have been so very terrible. Bruno even took his degree as Master of Arts, made various acquaintances, and obtained a professorship. Mr. Frith represents him as clinging with passionate attachment to the material part of the Catholic religion, though openly avowing himself unable to accept its spiritual teaching, a statement which does not coincide with Bruno's assertion, "that he had abandoned his country lest he should be compelled to submit to a superstitious religion;" thus proving himself to be an apostate and not a mistaken and ill-treated friar.

The war of the League raged in France, and Henry of Navarre was ravaging the country round Toulouse. This, combined with the enmities Bruno had provoked by his acrimonious disputations, induced him to quit the University, and to journey to Paris in the hopes of advancing himself. He was about thirty-three years old when he arrived in Paris, and having acquired his degree he was enabled to continue his lectures, which became popular in the "Quartier Latin." Since Abelard no teacher had been so eagerly welcomed. He possessed considerable personal attraction, and his eloquence excited admiration, although it frequently

<sup>1</sup> J. Lothrop Motley, *History of United Netherlands*, vol. ii. c. xvii.



rose "into aerial altitudes, of imagination, or descended into the kennel of obscenity and buffoonery; now grave, and prophet-like, and impassioned, now fierce and controversial, now fanciful and humorous, he threw aside all the monotony of professorial gravity to speak to them (his pupils) as a man." In another place Mr. George Henry Lewes mentions his "haughty defiance in the face of every authority in every country;" and that "he went forth as a preacher, but it was as a preacher, young, handsome, gay, and worldly."<sup>1</sup> It was this very worldliness that, more than his talent, contributed to render Giordano Bruno acceptable to the men of the sixteenth century, whose minds were in a ferment of discontent, impiety, and rebellion. Bruno by some means obtained the patronage of the effeminate Henry III. of France, who, hearing that he had invented a system of artificial memory, asked him if magic had any part in the process. Bruno paid his court with the grossest flattery to the imbecile King, styling him, in the dedication of one of his works, "a great and powerful monarch," and lauding his religion, purity, and sanctity, although it was notorious Henry de Valois did not possess a scintilla of these virtues, being one of the most depraved Kings who ever sat upon the French throne. He recompensed Bruno by appointing him Lecturer Extraordinary at the Sorbonne, and he would have given him a regular professorship, had he not refused to attend Mass with his colleagues.

Bruno wrote at this time a comedy, *Il Candelaio*, which abounds "in wit, satire, and Neapolitan buffoonery, though spoilt by obscenity and profanity; but what is more remarkable is the undercurrent of melancholy which can be traced in it, its motto being, *In tristitia hilaris; in hilaritate tristis*."<sup>2</sup> We can well understand the troubled spirit of one who, in the midst of worldly triumph, already tasted the ashes and bitterness of the Dead Sea fruit which he had chosen as his portion in life.

Having, as usual, created enemies in Paris, Giordano Bruno thought change of air necessary, and with Henry III.'s letters of introduction to the French Ambassador, Michel de Castelnau, he betook himself to London. Here he was received into the household of the Ambassador, a highly-educated man,

<sup>1</sup> George Henry Lewes, *History of Philosophy*, vol. ii. c. iii.

<sup>2</sup> "Giordano Bruno," *Fraser's Magazine*, 1871.

who wrote curious memoirs, which he often read aloud, and discussed with his friends. Michel de Castelnau naturally appreciated Bruno's talents, and he assisted him in publishing his works, and repeatedly took him to the brilliant Court of Queen Elizabeth, who, an accomplished linguist, and particularly vain of her fluent Italian, seized every opportunity of speaking to every foreigner from Italy. A seceder from the Catholic Church, Bruno found no difficulty in securing her patronage, which he did his best to strengthen by comparing her to Diana, and by exclaiming that she united the beauty of Cleopatra with the genius of Semiramis. Backed by Elizabeth's protection, Giordano Bruno determined to visit Oxford, and in an inflated, conceited application to the authorities, he heralded the arrival of "Philotheus Jordanus Brunus, of Nola, a doctor in perfected theology; a professor of pure and blameless wisdom."

He resided three months at the great English University, but they were not pleasant days for him. He considered the students "boorish, ignorant, and indevout;" while the Dons were "Court nominees arrayed in long robes of velvet, with hands most precious for the multitude of costly rings on their fingers, golden chains about their necks, and with manners as void of courtesy as cowherds." On their side the Dons and their scholars alike had no very exalted opinion of their visitor, who further called them for their pains, "a constellation of pedants whose ignorance, presumption, and rustic rudeness would have tried the patience of Job."<sup>1</sup> In fact, he himself confesses that he nearly came to blows with one of the Doctors, one of whom he called a pig, while praising his own patience and humanity in contrast to the temper of the Oxford dignitaries.

Bruno's audacious principles excited quite as much ire at Oxford as at the Sorbonne. Had he contented himself by attacking the Pope, he would have found the Oxonians sympathetic; even had he merely opposed the teaching of Aristotle, he might not have been so isolated, but he recklessly chose to attack the very foundation of religion, and on that point Protestant Oxford was no less rigid than the Catholic Sorbonne.

So distasteful and objectionable were Bruno's opinions to the authorities, that they soon dispensed with his lectures.

<sup>1</sup> G. H. Lewes, *History of Philosophy*, vol. ii. c. iii. sect. vi.

On his return to London, he again resided at the French Embassy. He became intimate with Sir Philip Sidney, whom he met in Italy, and he dedicated a book to this celebrated Englishman, which was "a brilliant and witty work; a proclamation of natural religion, and the negation of all positive creeds. He calls to the bar Paganism, Judaism, Christianity, Mahometanism, and censures, accuses, condemns, and repudiates them all."<sup>1</sup> Bruno was elected member of a literary association, to which belonged Sidney, Temple, Spenser, the author of the *Faerie Queene*, Greville, and others. He also gave private lectures, wrote and published six books, besides re-writing and dedicating his poems to Sir Philip Sidney. Mr. Lewes remarks that in this brilliant society "Bruno might have been content to leave the world in peace, but lured by his passion for publicity, his vanity," and by what Mr. Lewes erroneously deems "his love of truth, he rushed into the arena," as we have seen by his disputes at Oxford, which he satirically called *la vedova de buone lettere*. His London lectures also roused such anger that, the Queen not being able to afford him further protection, he was obliged to return to France in the retinue of Michel de Castelnau, after a residence of two years and a half in England.

While in Paris for the second time it has been asserted that he took some steps to reconciliation with the Church, but hearing he would have to resume his religious habit and life if he wished to be relieved from ecclesiastical censures, he turned his attention to a disputation of three days' length with the Sorbonne on one hundred and twenty of his propositions against Aristotle, which caused such an uproar that he was forced to fly to Germany.

He halted at Marburg, where being refused a licence to teach Roman theology at the University he flew into a rage, abused the Rector, and demanded that his name should be taken off the books, a request readily complied with by the Rector, who must have been only too glad to get rid of an unwelcome philosopher who could allot "a place in the skies to anger, which he regarded as a most necessary virtue, for it favours law, strengthens truth and judgment, and sharpens the wit, opening the road to many notable virtues, of which peaceable minds know nothing."

Bruno found refuge for two years at Wittenberg, which was

<sup>1</sup> Isa Blagden, *Fraser's Magazine*, 1871.

the headquarters of Lutheranism, and he was suffered to teach there, until the Lutherans were overpowered by the Calvinists, who detesting Bruno's philosophy, chased him from the town. A short time was spent at Prague, where the Spanish Ambassador, whom he knew in London, introduced him to the Emperor, Rudolph II., a superstitious prince, who, a patron of the celebrated quack Dr. Day, evinced more interest in alchemy than in philosophy. As a reward for dedicating a book to this monarch, Bruno obtained three hundred dollars, and letters introducing him to the Duke of Brunswick, in whose dominions were the Protestant town and University of Helmstedt. After the Duke's death Bruno plunged into bitter quarrels with the various religious sects, his sarcasms procuring him hosts of enemies, and he was at length excommunicated by Boethius, the Protestant pastor of Helmstedt, an incident that induced many to believe Bruno had become a Lutheran, which was not the case.

It was at Wittenberg, however, that Bruno is said to have defended the devil in some lecture; whether through sheer buffoonery, or from the desire of asserting opinions differing from those of other people, has not been decided. Saisset, while doubting the truth of this tale, thinks it would not have been unlike Bruno to attempt to rehabilitate the devil's reputation.

Being unable to live longer at Helmstedt, Bruno took up his abode for a time at a Carmelite monastery at Frankfort, where he was left in peace by the friars, whose Father Prior declared Bruno "to be a man of fine intellect and of great knowledge, but of no religion whatever so far as he knew," and that he boasted having more knowledge than the Apostles, and if he pleased he could make the whole world of the one religion.

Like Geneva, Lyons, and Leipsic, Frankfort was one of the great book-marts in the sixteenth century, and fairs held every Easter and Michaelmas, were thronged by booksellers or their agents from different countries. It was, therefore, a convenient residence for Bruno, who spent seven months printing and illustrating his works. He also wrote much, gave private lectures, and held discussions in the book-shops, which were then the clubs, where authors and scholars could meet each other.

His acquaintance with the Venetian printer, Ciotto, caused his works to be spread in Venice, where the nobles, like the Athenians of old, were always in search of some new thing. One of these nobles, named Mocenigo, invited Bruno to his palace in Venice.

Venice, seated on its sea-washed islands, swept by the fresh and often wild breeze of the Adriatic, had a spirit of independence far in advance of the age. Its inhabitants were like the sea-birds, who brooking no interference with their liberty, skim across the waters, whether the waves be rough or smooth. Of all the peoples dwelling in the Italian peninsula, the Venetians showed the least respect to the mandates of the Holy See, only obeying them when they happened to suit their convenience. For instance, there is a story told of an interdict, which could not be enforced in Venice, because the Senate forbade the Grand Vicar of Padua to publish the decree, and in reply to his message that he should act as God inspired him, they significantly informed him that God had inspired the Council of Ten to hang any one disobeying their orders.

Being acquainted with the Venetian love of opposition, Bruno chose Venice as the safest of the Italian cities for his residence. Much of his time was spent in giving private lectures to the German students at the University of Padua, which was in the Venetian State. He had lodgings in Venice, and also frequented the palace of Mocenigo, who wished for his instruction. This nobleman was a vain, weak-minded individual who desired to be learned more for the sake of fashion than of science. Having a bad memory, he actually expected Bruno to furnish him with a better one by means of magical art. Mocenigo was fond of his money, and when he found his hopes were vain, he resolved, as he told the bookseller Ciotto, to "make Bruno repay me something of the money which I squandered on him."<sup>1</sup>

Bruno soon tested his scholar's feeble capacity, and he did not hesitate to say many things deeply insulting both to and of his host, showing him clearly that he would not be bored by his society. Mocenigo became furious when he saw the man he intended to patronize, coolly turning his back on him to attend literary meetings in the palaces of more intelligent Venetian nobles.

A quarrel was speedily the outcome of Mocenigo's jealousy, and of the loathing which Bruno imprudently testified towards his pupil, who with the revengeful disposition of his race, never rested until he denounced his guest to the Inquisition, repeating all the heretical opinions, and scurrilous jests, of which his master had been recklessly liberal during his brief intercourse with him. Bruno was soon arrested, and subjected to a long

<sup>1</sup> Frith, c. 10.

and tedious examination,<sup>1</sup> which took place in the Patriarchal Palace, and at the end of this first trial Bruno expressed regret for the scandal he had given. His papers and the minutes of his examination were sent to Rome, and the Cardinal de San Severino applied for his extradition, which the Venetian Government cynically refused on the plea that the matter was too important to be lightly treated, and that as the State was too much occupied with its own affairs to think about it, the boat which had been sent to Ancona in readiness for the prisoner had better be dismissed.

Bruno, meanwhile, was safely kept under lock and key in the celebrated prison known as "Del Piombo," until the Republic, through merely political reasons, delivered their prisoner to the Inquisition in order to conciliate the Holy See.

There seems to be confusion as to whether Bruno remained six, or only two years in the Roman prison, although it is known his captivity from the date of his arrest lasted eight years. This shows clearly enough that the Church showed no anxiety for his death. It has been asserted that Bruno was tortured, but no proof has been given of this fact, and there have even been some who say Bruno was never condemned, but was allowed to retire to a convent, thus accounting for the few details of his second trial, and for the complete oblivion into which he immediately fell.<sup>2</sup>

There has been much controversy on this point, but the recent investigations in the Vatican Archives leave no doubt that Bruno was burnt alive in Rome, and the circumstance is mentioned in one of the *Avvisi di Roma*, a gazette of that period, of which a collection is preserved in the Vatican MSS.<sup>3</sup>

Meanwhile, during Bruno's second trial which, with many interruptions, lasted two years, he temporized as much as he could, sometimes affecting to be convinced of his errors, and promising to retract them, then asking for more time to consider them, and resuming their defence, until the patience of

<sup>1</sup> *Fraser's Magazine*, 1871.

<sup>2</sup> *La Légende tragique de Jordano Bruno*—brochure de Mr. Desduits, Professeur de Philosophie Lycée de Versailles.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Disraeli writes: "We are indebted to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The title of their gazettes was probably derived from *gazzerà*, a magpie or chatterer; or more probably from a farthing, peculiar to the city of Venice, called *gazetta*, which was the common price of newspapers. The first paper was a Venetian one, and only monthly; but it was only the newspaper of the Government. Other Governments afterwards adopted the Venetian plan of a newspaper with the Venetian name. From a solitary Government gazette an inundation of newspapers has burst upon us." (*Curiosities of Literature*, Isaac Disraeli, vol. ii.)



the Inquisitors at last gave way.<sup>1</sup> After many anxious efforts were made to persuade him to recant, Bruno was taken, February 8th, 1600, to the Church of the Minerva, to hear his sentence of degradation from the priesthood, after which he was delivered over to the secular power. Bruno defiantly told his judges that they were more afraid to pronounce his sentence than he was to hear it, and eight days later he was burnt in the *Campo di Fiori*; dying impenitent, according to a letter written by the well-known Scioppius to his Protestant friend Brugger in Germany, who replied sneeringly that Bruno could have suppressed his opinions at very little trouble to himself.

The well-nigh total oblivion of Giordano Bruno after his death was certainly curious, for Rome was crowded at that time on account of the Jubilee. It was natural that the Dominican Order should erase from their rolls the name of the man who instead of honour, had brought disgrace, but it is a singular fact that the learned men whom Bruno knew in other lands, should never have mentioned him nor his shameful death in their works or letters. His name, too, has not been preserved in the lists of the various universities in which he lectured. His works sank into the same obscurity, and became exceedingly scarce. It has been of no service to his memory to have had them republished in the nineteenth century, chiefly to gratify the German "savants" who considered Bruno a shining light of pantheism. That Bruno's philosophy is decidedly wanting in precision, originality, and strength has been freely conceded. His writings merely reiterate the sentiments of the old pagan philosophers and the errors of the Oriental heretics, who repeatedly sought to revive under some form or other, the worship of nature, the obliteration of the remembrance of God, and the exaltation of the natural law above the supernatural. Bruno suffered because he would not renounce his opinions subversive of all order and authority either divine or secular. His arrogant preference of his own ideas to the dogmas of faith was the cause of his terrible fall.

Had he loved humility, obedience, and order, there is no reason why he should not have been a great man, worthy of his name being preserved among the Catholic philosophers, whose works and lives were loyally given *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*.

M. T. KELLY.

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire Littéraire d'Italie de Père Ginguéné*, tome vii. c. xxxi.



*Mère Gilette.*

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A STORY OF A FRENCH VILLAGE.

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CHAPTER IX.

"BACK!"

Madame de Merillac spoke the word as Jean tried to lift his mother from the ground. She put out her hand, and waved him from the prostrate figure.

"I will tend her. My servants will help me. As for you, be satisfied with what you have done. Go back to your friends. Lead them to other parts of the *château* first. It will take some time to destroy it all. Let her remain here. It will not be for long. I think the end is not far. But do not come near her! She has been my faithful friend and servant. You have killed her. Rest satisfied with that."

Jean did not answer. He saw that Madame, like his mother thought that it was he who had brought the mob to attack the *château*, but he could not explain. For the second time that day he heard again the roaring in his ears, and once more his mouth filled with blood. Outside, he could hear the shouts of the mob, and a loud hammering on the great door. Though the long gallery in which they stood seemed to whirl round and round, he knew that he must act if he would save the house from destruction. There was not a minute to lose. If he went out through the entrance, it would be instant death. He would have no time to speak to the people; besides, to open the door would be to admit the mob. He staggered to his feet, and put his hand to his head. Then he remembered that from a window on the first floor of the left turret there was a little balcony. He would go there. If he offered himself to the people, perhaps they would spare the place. His own life he did not value. They would kill him because of what Dobert had done, but what did it matter after all? He looked down at the face of the Mère Gilette. It was all drawn and distorted. He had done that. It had been through a mistake—but still, it was

his work. If he had never deserted her—never gone away to Paris, then it would not have been. Yes, it was his work after all. Then the shouts of the mob recalled him. He must go. He knelt down and kissed the paralyzed face very gently. Then he rose, and looked at Madame de Mérillac.

"You misjudge me," he said. "There is no time to explain now. I am going to try and save your house. I think I shall not come back. They have been misled, and think I am to blame. They will kill me. If—if my mother should know anything again, say to her that I have longed night and day to look upon her face, and that I grieve for the pain I have given her. My pride is killed now. And see here, Madame, you are kind. I know it. If they kill me, will you tell Babette—she is the daughter of the good farmer Rison—will you tell her that I love her, that I have always loved her, in spite of whatever she may think?"

Then he bowed, and went away along the gallery.

"Follow him," Madame de Mérillac said, turning to one of her footmen. "Jacques, you are a brave man. Follow him, I say, he may need your aid." Then she turned, and knelt down beside the Mère Gillette.

And outside, the mob thundered at the closed door and the shuttered windows.

Jean found the turret-chamber in darkness. As he fumbled at the fastenings some one came forward and assisted him. He did not know who it was. In another minute, the light of the winter's afternoon appeared, the window was opened, and the young man stepped forth.

A roar of anger broke from hundreds of throats as the eyes of the mob fell on Jean. How he came there, they knew not, but the sight of him awoke their wrath. They believed that he had assisted Dobert in some way. That was enough. A great shout went forth to kill him, and the stones began to rattle round him. He stood alone there, facing them unmoved, and after a while his calmness had its effect, and the shouts died away, and they waited. He wished to speak, they said. Good, let him do so before he dies.

"You think that I was false," he cried. "I do not blame you. Some day I believe that you will know I was innocent of any knowledge of the cruel wrong Dobert has done you—that I believed as truly as man can believe that the money would come by the mid-day train to-day. But enough. I

know that you have reason to suspect me. But it is not of this that I would speak. Do not think that I shall fly from you. This morning I would have met you face to face to tell you the truth, but the *gendarmes* carried me off. I am ready to deliver myself up to you. I will do so, but tell me first, why are you here? This is not the house of M. Blondel. That is distant a mile off."

"We know it now," a voice answered. "We thought at first that this was it—some one said it was the *château*, and we came. No matter. It is the house of an aristocrat. We will destroy it first, and then pay Blondel our visit."

"But it is the house of one who has done you no wrong, of one who deals kindly to the poor and the sad. Why should you harm the house of Madame la Duchesse?"

"Because she is an aristocrat, I say," the other returned, "and aristocrats have for centuries lived on the blood of the people. We suffer, let her suffer, too. It is only fair. We will burn it down. They are vermin, these titled beings. There is nothing like fire when you deal with vermin."

They were his own words. Jean remembered them well—spoken in the club-room, and so much applauded, that the committee had ordered his speech to be printed and sent to be distributed wherever there were branches of the society. He turned sick and faint. He had sown the seed, and was now reaping the harvest. The words were caught up now, and he heard them pass from mouth to mouth. "There is nothing like fire when you deal with vermin." And then a shout arose—they were mad, these men—mad with hunger and disappointment, and drink stolen from the wretched *cafés* on the way from B——, and so, I say, a shout arose to fire the place—to fire it, "with the rats in it." Then in a moment a torch gleamed, and Jean knew there was but one chance left.

"Stay—stay," he cried. "Listen! I have a proposal to make. You think I have been a traitor, and traitors should die. If I come down and deliver myself to you, will you spare this place—the home of one who has done you no wrong, and whose name is known far and wide for the good she has done? Say, is it an agreement?"

They paused. In the failing twilight the torches swayed backwards and forwards, and savage faces glared up at him, but yet his words had an effect. To stand there alone and offer his life! It touched them.

"I am ready and willing to die to save this place," Jean said again, and would have gone on, would have pleaded, only a hand was laid upon his arm, and looking round, he saw Madame de Mérillac.

"Stay there," she said, speaking to some of her servants who had accompanied her and would have followed her from the room out on to the balcony. "Stay there. The stones might injure you." Then she looked at the mob and spoke.

"I have heard his words," she said, putting out her hand towards Jean. "He is a brave man. In the past he has erred, but words like those he has spoken wipe away many offences. My servants are here. At my orders they will prevent his descending among you. I will not save my house at the expense of a brave man's life. There are too few brave men in the world in these days for that. And I will not plead to you—as the widow of a de Mérillac, and as the daughter of the proudest Marquis in all France, I will not plead. I have done you no wrong. To the best of my means I have striven to help always those who suffer, and now you surround my house and threaten it with destruction. Well, do your worst. I say again, I will not plead for myself or my property, but listen: this man who stands beside me, who has adopted your cause, who has been true and loyal to you—his mother but a few moments since was stricken with paralysis. Let her be removed in peace to a place of safety. In the past she served me faithfully, and she was with me when God took from me my husband and my only child. Let her, I say, be removed in safety. For myself I ask nothing."

She ceased to speak, and there was a murmur among the throng. They glanced upward at the tall, stately figure in black, with the silvery hair crowning her face, and there came a sort of awe upon them. She was a woman, and she was in their power. She had defied them—had told them that not even for the sake of her home would she condescend to plead to them, but her proud bearing, her bravery touched them. She stood there facing them—calm, motionless as a statue. Again there was a murmur. She had done them no wrong, she had striven to aid those who suffered or were sad. After all it was Blondel they wanted. As for Jean, it seemed as if he had spoken the truth. Let it be as this aristocrat wished. She was a brave woman—she deserved something. Then one of the

leaders of the men stepped forward and spoke. As he did so he stood uncovered.

"You have not pleaded, and it is true that you and your property are in our power, but you have done us no wrong. It is the Citizen Blondel whose house must be fired, not yours. We will do you no harm. As for Gilette, now that he speaks, we believe him. Rest satisfied, Madame; we retire, and leave you in peace. And—and see here—you are nothing to us; you scorn us as a mob, but when you said that just now about your husband and your child, we were sorry. It is not well to be alone like that. We understand. We are not so bad as you think."

Then the man bowed and ceased to speak, looking up at the balcony.

Madame de Mérillac endeavoured to reply, and failed. The words addressed had profoundly moved her. She glanced at the gaunt faces on which hunger and wretchedness were written, and her heart was stirred within her. She turned to Jean. "Tell them that I thank them—tell them that I grieve for their misery. Say I would wish to help them if I can, and that I would speak with their leaders."

The young man addressed did as he was bid.

There was no harm in complying with such a wish. Two or three men advanced towards the door, which was unbarred to admit them. Madame de Mérillac turned to re-enter the window, but before she did so her eyes filled with tears at sight of the wretched crowd below in their want. Here and there a hat was lifted, and twice over she bowed her acknowledgments. Then she passed into the *château*, and went downstairs to receive the men. Jean would have gone to his mother, but the Duchesse bade him remain with her.

In the great drawing-room of the *château*, with its faded white and gold draperies and Louis Quatorze furniture, Madame de Mérillac received the leaders of the strike.

"Can nothing be done, can no terms be arranged?" she asked when the position of affairs was placed before her. "Do not think I do not feel sorry for you. I feel for your disappointment, for your want on account of this cruel, this treacherous Dobert, but, my friends, you have been foolish. Why did you strike—why, when your own proposals were offered to you?"

They could only plead that it was by Dobert's advice. They had believed him, and this was what had happened!

And now their place had been filled up by Belgian and Flemish workmen. Revenge was all that was left to them. They would burn the house of the Citizen Blondel that night.

"I will have no threats," Madame de Mérillac answered. "And now, listen to me. Are you willing to undertake that the men remain quietly here while I visit M. Blondel? I think that perhaps I may be able to affect a compromise."

A compromise! When all chance of such a thing seemed past! The leaders seized eagerly on the proposal. Not a man should stir. To that they pledged their honour.

Five minutes later, and Madame de Mérillac entered her brougham by the back way, and drove through the frightened town to the newly-built mansion of M. Blondel. As she passed over the bridge, she caught a glimpse of M. le Curé waving to the driver to stop. She opened the door from the inside and signed to him to take a seat beside her. Then the carriage went on.

"I have been away over to N——, and I only returned just now, and was hurrying down to the *château*—for I heard that it was surrounded—to seek to aid you."

"There is nothing to be apprehended," Madame de Mérillac answered, and then briefly related what had passed.

Presently they drew up at the door of M. Blondel's new mansion.

"There is no time for ceremony," Madame de Mérillac said as she met the mine-owner in the hall, "so I will not apologize for intruding. My house was mistaken for yours, and has been in imminent danger from the miners. They were coming here to burn yours down over your head, but I have obtained a solemn promise from them not to stir till I return. I have promised to negotiate. M. Blondel, is there no possible chance of a compromise?"

"How, Madame?" the mine-owner asked, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I have done all I could. I offered them their own terms even, but they refused. A man in Paris, one Dobert by name—he is, I believe, well known to the authorities—is collecting money for them, and allowing them, I am told, twenty-five francs a week! Of course that cannot go on for long, but it has given them such confidence that they resisted all my endeavours, and now I have been driven to fill their place with foreign workmen. They will set out from Belgium in a few days."

"But you know what has happened concerning this man Dobert?"

"*Mille pardons*, Madame, but I know nothing beyond what I have stated," M. Blondel answered.

"He has fled—taken all the money with him; the men are starving—literally starving! He has taken them in; they have received nothing of what was collected save a few miserable francs. They are mad with hunger and cold, and despair."

"*Mon Dieu!* the poor fellows," M. Blondel said, for he was kind of heart. Then a door opened, and Madame Blondel appeared, and a few moments were lost while the mine-owner presented his wife to Madame de Mérillac, and related to her the position of affairs.

"Can nothing be done?" the latter asked when these formalities were over.

M. Blondel raised his shoulders to his ears and held out both his hands.

"What can Madame la Duchesse suggest?" he asked. "If I had not already engaged these foreigners, I would willingly take the men back on the old terms—they would be glad enough to return on them, I make no doubt, but I have contracted to pay these men their railway-fares, and engaged them for a term of not less than three weeks. I am not very rich in spite of what folks believe. I have but lately finished this place. I can no more pay these foreigners their three weeks' wages, and take back the old hands also, than I can buy all Paris. It is impossible."

"How much would it cost to pay the foreigners?" Madame de Mérillac asked.

M. Blondel drew forth a pocket-book and began to make a calculation in it. "There are quite seven hundred foreigners engaged," he said; then he frowned, and worked away in silence for a few minutes. Then again he shrugged his shoulders. The thing could not be dreamt of, happen what might. The sum amounted to between three and four thousand pounds.

There was a silence in the large vestibule where M. Blondel, his wife, the Curé, and Madame la Duchesse stood. Outside the light had all but failed, and in the stillness they could hear the horses pawing the ground. Then the silence was broken. Madame de Mérillac spoke.

"They are very wretched—their little children and their



wives are crying for bread. I am alone, God in His wisdom has taken from me those whom in old days I should have had to consider. I have much of this world's goods. M. Blondel, if you will take back your old hands, I will pay the foreigners this money. I am sorry for these poor starving men here. They have been misled. It is the *teachers* of revolutionary doctrines I blame, not their *dupes*."

There was a pause. M. Blondel could scarcely believe his ears, and stout Madame Blondel was so overcome that she had to sit down on a neighbouring chair.

Then M. le Curé spoke, half to himself. "They have been badly taught. It is the old tale—'They know not what they do.' It is a great sacrifice. Blessed be God who hath put it into the heart of Madame la Duchesse to do unto others as she would they should do unto her!"

Madame de Mérillac gently touched his arm, as though to recall this priest with the long dark hair, and the eyes that seemed to be gazing always into the future.

"Hush!" she said. "There is no sacrifice. I am rich, and I am alone. Why should I not do it?"

"Blessed be God," M. le Curé said.

Then Madame de Mérillac spoke: "M. Blondel, you have not answered me? Will you do as I ask?"

"But, Madame, it is not fair to yourself. Great Heaven, such kindness—such generosity!"

"Tush, tush, *mon ami*," she broke in. "It is agreed then. Get into my carriage, and come back and speak to your men. Madame, believe me, your husband will be safe. In an hour he will return to you."

Madame Blondel burst into tears. She was fat, and she was vulgar, but her heart was warm. She took the hand that Madame de Mérillac held out to her.

"It is not that," she sobbed. "I know he will be safe now, but the fright—and you—you have been so good." Then, in her gratitude, she kissed the hand she held, and went with them to the door.

"Have no fear—in an hour," Madame de Mérillac said as the door closed.

Then the carriage drove away across the Green, past the little hotel, over the stone bridge, and so to the back entrance of the *château*.

"Are the leaders still here?" she asked of one of the

servants, and learning that they were yet in the great drawing-room, went thither. A few wax tapers had been lighted, which seemed only to make the darkness more visible. The men rose as she entered. Then their eyes fell on M. Blondel, and they gave a little start. For a moment no one spoke. Then the mine-owner said :

"My friends, you have had a bad time," and then he stopped. He could not go on. He tried, but he failed. "It is the hungry look in their faces," he explained to M. le Curé, and turned away. The men saw it and were touched, and the one who stood nearest to M. Blondel held out his hand. The mine-owner took it and pressed it. Then he tried to speak, and again he failed.

"You tell them," he said to the priest.

The Curé came forward. As a rule, the miners did not like the clergy. They believed that the Church was in league with the upper classes to grind them down, but there was something about the kind face, the spare figure, that in spite of themselves attracted them. Then he began to speak, and in a little while—in a little while they understood—understood that he loved them—was glad at what he had to tell them—understood that he wanted to serve them.

"*Mes amis*," he said, "I have brought you good news. This lady here has asked M. Blondel to take you back, and he has consented. He is able to do this because Madame la Duchesse has undertaken to pay to the foreign workmen the whole of the three weeks' wages which is their due by the terms of the contract. It is a large sum, it amounts to about ninety thousand francs—she will do this, I say."

The Curé paused. The men stood silent amazed, they could not speak. It was like a dream, ninety thousand francs! And but a few hours ago they had been about to burn her house over her head. The priest was about to continue, but M. Blondel, who had recovered his self-command, stepped in. He said that the Belgian workmen had agreed cheerfully to take the old scale of wages, and that as he, M. Blondel, had suffered loss, the men must understand that it was only at the lower rate of payment they returned. He could not allow Madame la Duchesse to do more than *lend* this large sum, and that until he had repaid it he could not raise the wages. If, however, at the end of that time the men had worked cheerfully and well, he would grant the rise which they had originally asked for and in the end

refused by the advice of the Citizen Dobert. Did they, speaking as leaders of the men, accept those terms?

They were beaten, utterly beaten. They had suffered so much, and all for nothing, worse than nothing! They had no fire, no food, they and their wives and children were starving. There was nothing else to do but to accept thankfully what they had before rejected. Then suddenly Madame de Mérillac spoke.

"*Mon ami*," she said, turning to M. Blondel, "these poor ones have suffered much. I do *not* lend this money. It is nothing to do with you. It is between myself and the miners that I pay off the foreigners, but in return I ask for them the immediate rise which you have promised at a future date."

M. Blondel bowed.

"I owe you too much to refuse, Madame," he said. Then he turned to the men.

"It is as Madame la Duchesse desires, you will tell the men. It is late, very late. You had better lead them back to their homes. But first some of next week's wages must be paid in advance. To-morrow is Sunday, a day which M. le Curé here will tell you should be one of rest. It shall be so. A holiday complete. And as Madame la Duchesse has by her goodness and generosity made us all to blush, I shall present to every man a double day's pay. If Madame will permit one of her footmen to go to my house he will return with my secretary, who will bring to us some of the strong-boxes removed a few weeks back from the bureau."

In a few minutes a servant was despatched in the brougham. While he was absent the leaders went out to carry the news to the men. In the drawing-room they could hear a sound like a great sob of joy which greeted its reception. The struggle was at an end. The cold and the hunger and the bitterness of the strike were things of the past.

And by and bye the secretary returned, and the roll was called, and two days' wages paid to every man. It was M. Blondel's gift, the secretary said, as seated in the porch he distributed the much needed money.

"Is it all over?" the mine-owner asked, when at about half-past six his secretary re-entered the drawing-room. "They will go now, I suppose."

But even as he spoke a shout arose, again and again renewed. The leaders of the strike returned. The people

desired to express their thanks. Would it be too much to ask that M. Blondel would speak to them a few words from the turret balcony?

"It is not me, my friends, whom you should thank, it is the illustrious owner of this house to whom your gratitude is due."

"We wish to thank you both," the people said, and then a cry arose for Madame la Duchesse.

The night was dark but the glare of the torches showed the slender figure in its deep mourning clearly, and as she stepped forth alone a great shout went up. Again and again it rose and fell.

"We thank you. We thank you. We thank you!"

Then there was a silence. And in the silence the Duchess spoke.

"Work well for your employer and listen not to the counsels of evil men," she said. Then she turned and re-entered the room amidst the plaudits of seven hundred men. Jean was at the window and held back the curtain. In the torchlight they saw his face and called to him to return, that they understood.

"May I speak to them, Madame?" he asked.

The Duchess bent her head.

Then the young man stepped out. "I will not return," he said. "I was loyal to you and you mistrusted me, but that is past now. I have worked for you, but I think perhaps that I should have served you better had I listened to wiser teachers than those I served under in Paris. For my part I have had enough of it all. My home is here in this village and here I shall remain." Then he stopped. His home! In a few hours he would not have one! He could not go on. They called to him, these people, that they were grieved, that they trusted him to the full. He must return with them. He should be *fêted*. In their excitement they had forgotten the illness of his mother.

"I thank you," he said, wearily, "believe me, that I thank you; but I will not come. And if, if you think that I have any claim upon you for your misjudgment of me, will you show it now by going quietly away? My mother is dying here. In a little while it will be over, so they say. They tell me that she does not hear, but as I watched a while ago, it seemed to me as if she moaned when you shouted. So I should wish that it might be quiet. I think then that it will make the end easier for her. Do you see?"

They did not answer him, these men whom he had sought to serve, these men gaunt with hunger; but in a little while they began to withdraw, each man treading softly as though within the precincts of a sick-room, and as they filed past the turrets they lifted their caps to him. They had treated him badly, ungratefully, and now he was in sorrow. So they saluted him. It could do him no good, but it was all they could do. Jean understood, and his eyes filled with tears. He stood there until the tramp of the seven hundred men died away in the distance, and the *château* was silent once more in the darkness of the winter's night. Then he heard the voice of Madame la Duchesse.

"Jean," she said.

And Jean hearing, understood.

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## CHAPTER X.

"Is it the end?"

Jean asked the question in the long, dim gallery, with his hand on the door of the room in which his mother lay.

"I do not know, I think so. The doctor deemed it advisable that M. le Curé should afford her the consolations of religion, he would not say for certain. They never will, these men of science," Madame de Mérillac answered.

Then together they entered the room.

The Mère Gillette was lying on a couch breathing rather heavily. In the faint light of the candles it seemed to Jean that the left side of the face was less drawn. He did not know, but he fancied so. There was no one else in the apartment save one of Madame's maids, who had been keeping watch. The doctor had gone. He would not return till the next morning.

"It is a case for M. le Curé, not for me. He may accomplish more than I can," the little man said, with a bow. Unlike the general run of practitioners in France, the doctor was not an infidel. On the contrary, he was a very devout Christian, and never absent from his place at Mass on Sundays and *fêtes*.

Jean was about to advance to the bedside, but Madame made him a little sign to keep out of sight while she herself drew near. She took the hand of her old servant and gently stroked it. By and bye the Mère Gillette opened her eyes

and looked up. There was a glimmer of knowledge in the dark eyes which had known so much sorrow. She recognized her old mistress and tried to smile, but the left side was still too much drawn. It was only with difficulty that Jean could forbear a cry of pain. As it was the quick ears of Madame la Duchesse caught the smothered groan. He did not speak, it is true, but who shall dare say that it was not an act of contrition in the sight of the Most High? Madame de Mérillac gave him a look of compassion.

"It is less than it was, I think," she whispered. "And then, there is no pain, that is so much, is it not?"

The weary eyes of the Mère Gilette had closed again. She did not appear to notice the voices.

"It is so much, *that*, is it not," Madame de Mérillac said again. With Laure it had been so terrible, the fever, the thirst, the intense weakness and weariness. The Mère Gilette was going, but she was going very peacefully. Jordan's flood was bearing her away full gently. She had suffered all her life, perchance some special charge had been given on high by the Great King concerning this passing. Who shall say? All her life she had striven to serve Him, had bowed her head when in His wisdom He had afflicted her. He does not desert in their hour of need those who have kept close to Him. He is with them, depend upon it, in the darkness of the valley of the shadow of death.

The *château* was very still now. But a few hours ago and the shouts of a furious mob had echoed round the grey walls, but now all was hushed. Madame de Mérillac glanced at the little time-piece on the mantel-shelf and made a sign to the maid. On a small *priedieu* some candles were standing, and these were now lighted, and then the silent watch recommenced. It was nearly nine o'clock before the door-bell rang forth, the sound echoing in the intense stillness. There was a stir then in the room, a preparation, a pause, and then the door was opened and steps were heard in the passage, and the low murmur of Latin words. In the sick-chamber all sank on their knees as M. le Curé entered, M. le Curé with the sallow face and ugly features and long black hair, but somehow he did not look ugly. There was a light on his face just then. Perchance, like Moses of old, his countenance reflected back the light of the Lord of glory whom he bore. At least, so Madame de Mérillac thought as the priest placed the Sacred Host upon the little altar,

praying aloud as he did so that peace might be in that house and with all that dwelt therein. A moment later, and in the hush of the death-chamber fell the sacred words of the ritual: *Accipe, soror, Viaticum Corporis Domini nostri Jesu Christi qui te custodiat ab hoste maligno, et perducatur in vitam æternam. Amen.*

And then silence followed and the Mère Gilette had made her last Communion. Never any more on feast-days, when the bells were sounding for early Mass, would the door of the little cottage open and the Mère Gilette go forth to kneel at the altar-rails and participate in the sacred rite which, in the long-gone days, her little Claude-Marie had loved to serve. Never any more would she hear the rise and fall of the glorious plain chant under the grey arches, never more would she take part in fast or feast.

"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, the place where Thy glory dwelleth." Well could the Mère Gilette say that, and now she was to have her reward. She was to enter into the courts of the Lord's house, to dwell there for evermore. She had loved to listen to the great organ rolling forth the solemn chants, it was never desecrated with the florid music which English choirs delight to indulge in, but she would hear it no more on earth. When next the sound of chanting broke on her ears it would be the chanting of the heavenly choirs, and she would hear, as in the days of old, her little Claude-Marie sing, "Hosanna to the Lord of life, Hosanna, Hosanna to the King."

And when M. le Curé had gone, there followed what so often follows the administration of the last sacraments—for the Mère Gilette had been anointed while the miners were being paid—the sick woman's eyes closed and she slept calmly, peacefully. All through the long dark hours of the winter's night, while the clock in the turret chimed quarter after quarter, Mère Gilette lay sleeping, and it was not till after half-past five when in the Sabbath stillness the bells began to peal for first Mass that she opened her eyes.

"Time, time for church," she said faintly, and made as though she would rise.

"Not to-day, *mon amie*, not to-day," Madame de Mérillac said gently, and placed her hand upon the woman's shoulder.

"But it is Sunday—the feast of God—I must go. Holy Church requires it."



"But not when we are ill. *Mon amie*, the Church is our mother, she has care for the health of her children. You must lie still."

The Mère Gilette was quiet for a moment or two, then she began to moan. The remembrance of it all had come back to her, and again she strove to rise.

"I must go," she said, "I must go. It is not fitting that I should receive your kindness. *Mon Dieu*, that I should live to see the day on which my son should lead a mob against your house! I say, it is not fitting I should lie here. And Babette—I must see Babette. He—loved her—yes—yes—long ago he loved her. She was the only girl he ever cared for. If she could see him, she might lead him back to penitence. A woman may play the part of one of God's bright angels in a man's life. True she can, if evil, drag him down to Hell, but if she is good, she may raise him to the highest heights. It is a fearful power that which God has given to women, but praise be to Him, Babette is good. She loved my Jean—she loves him still—I am sure of it. Madame will forgive me, but he is my son. I cannot, nay, though he has done this cruel wrong to you, I cannot spurn him. Madame knows—she has been a mother—only those who have had children of their own know what it is—the heart of a mother."

"I know," Madame de Mérillac answered, and she looked at Jean and smiled. He was standing at the head of the bed. The Mère Gilette could not see him, could not see that the broad shoulders shook as he strove to subdue the emotion which the sound of his mother's voice aroused in him. Madame de Mérillac waved him back when he would have come out and shown himself. She feared to agitate the old woman. He must wait, she whispered, till the doctor came and gave him leave.

"If I could see Babette," Mère Gilette murmured. "Perhaps, Madame is so good, she would not mind sending for her."

Madame de Mérillac smiled. "Is there anything, *mon amie*, that you could ask that I would not try to do? Listen, it is very early yet, by and bye Babette will go to church. Always on Sundays and feasts I see her at the Mass of seven hours and a half. Now, if you will close your eyes and try to sleep, I myself will hear that Mass, and I will bring her back with me. But you must promise me to try and sleep."

The old woman smiled her thanks and closed her eyes, and

by and bye the heavy breathing told that she had fulfilled her late mistress' request. Madame de Mérillac rose, and leaving the maid to watch the patient, signed to Jean to follow her.

The faint, grey light of dawn was visible in the long, deserted corridor when the young man and the lady of the house emerged from the sick-room, and softly closed the door behind them. Sending her companion to lie down, and giving him strict orders that he was not to stir till he was called, Madame de Mérillac, having wrapped herself in her warmest shawl, made her way under the bare trees to the church. As she passed up the Norman nave, she saw Babette kneeling on her chair, her eyes gazing up at the altar. The candles were lighted, and M. le Curé in his violet vestment was arranging the chalice as Madame de Merillac took her accustomed place, and opened her big prayer-book.

*Introibo ad altare Dei.*

*Ad Deum qui letificat juventutem meam.*

The low murmur of the voices of the priest and server was the only sound that broke the stillness save the occasional tinkle of a bell at one or other of the side-altars where other Masses were being said. Madame de Mérillac bowed her head and clasped her hands as she prayed for her old friend and servant, and asked that comfort might be brought to the heart of the dying woman, while Babette, poor, gentle Babette, gazed up at the crucifix, and wiped away the tears that *would* come. She was so sad, so tired. All the long, black winter's night she had lain awake, thinking of the dreadful news which her father had brought in at supper-time; how Jean, her own Jean, had led the attack on the *château*. It was terrible! She could not, would not believe it. And yet, M. Rison had been positive, had called him a scoundrel, a knave, and every other sort of hard name. And after the sleepless night, Babette had come to the grey, dusky church, and striven to pray, and failed. There are such moments in all our lives, when one is too sick and faint and broken to pray, when one can only, as it were, lay one's heart before God, and remind Him that it is there and leave everything to Him. So that Advent Sunday morning Babette did not pray, only gazed up at the white Christ and the golden chalice, and now and then signed herself with the holy sign.

"Babette." Madame de Mérillac called the girl, as in the

early winter's morning, they stepped out into the clear air when Mass was over, and M. le Curé had disappeared within the sacristy. The December sun was shining down on the little town, and making the roofs of the houses covered with the white snow flash and glitter as though encrusted with jewels. It was very beautiful out there in the presence of the great king of day.

"Babette!"

The girl stopped. "Madame called?" she asked.

"Yes; I want you to come with me to the *château*—to come with me to see some one, Babette, who is going away upon a great journey—going away to where those she loved have gone many years ago."

Babette did not answer. Her face had grown very pale while Madame de Mérillac had been speaking, but when the latter came to the words, "those she loved," the girl gave a little gasp of relief. It was not Jean—not Jean, with all his faults—who was going, but some one else. The hazel eyes looked up inquiringly at Madame de Mérillac.

"It is Mère Gilette who is passing away from among us," she said in answer. "Yesterday she had a stroke. There is no pain—at least no bodily pain."

Babette did not answer. Alas! she knew who was the cause of that other pain—that pain not of the body, but of the heart, and yet, yet she loved him still, she could not help it. Sometimes it is thus. To forget! That is not easy always—at least, with some natures.

"It is, it is perhaps best," Babette said with a sigh. "She has suffered so much, M. le Curé says, that when that is the case *le bon Dieu* takes the soul swiftly through the cleansing fires." Then the girl's voice failed her, and she broke down.

For a few moments Madame de Mérillac let the girl's grief have full sway, then she took Babette's hand in hers and patted it softly.

"Come come, *mon enfant*," she said. "Things are not so bad as they might be. This Jean is a fine fellow; he behaved well, nobly yesterday. If it had not been for his bravery and determination, the *château* would have been burnt over our heads. It was when he was coming to our aid that his poor mother saw him, and believed, as indeed I did at that time, that he was directing the attack. And, all the while, he had travelled, wounded as he had been by the mob earlier in the day, to aid

us if there should be danger. He has told me all. His poor mother does not yet know. We feared to agitate her. Yes, he is certainly a fine fellow. Tell me, Babette, is it true what is said, that you have a warm corner for him still in that big heart of yours?"

Babette was silent. The head was bent, and the eyelids fell, and Madame la Duchesse could only guess that a hot blush had swept across the girl's countenance at her question. By and bye the answer came.

"It is true," she said, hanging her head, "I do love him," and then, with sudden and greater determination, "I do love him—I do."

Madame de Mérillac smiled. "I hope," she said, "that he will prove worthy of your love and that it may yet come right. I think myself that with good influence he may rise—nay, I am sure of it. He has been influenced by the counsels of evil men. When we are young, that is a thing that is likely to happen. His poor mother will rejoice. I shall leave it to you, Babette, to tell her the good news—that we have been mistaken, that Jean was but coming to our aid, and that all was subsequently owed to him. If the doctor gives us leave, Babette shall tell the tale," and once again Madame de Mérillac patted the girl's hand.

"Oh, I am so glad, so happy," Babette answered. "My father believed also that it was Jean who brought the men. All the night I could not sleep because of what he told me, and it is all a mistake, and then to hear you say what you have said, Madame! If it were not for poor Mère Gilette I should be so happy."

The turret-clock was chiming the quarter after eight, when Madame la Duchesse and her companion reached the front door. The doctor's gig was standing waiting, and on the steps was the little man himself. He made a low bow.

"I have seen my patient," he said, "I was only waiting to see Madame to make my report. I have brought some drugs and given directions, but Madame la Duchesse will understand, drugs are but of little avail. I do not think she will rally. If she has ought to arrange, now is the hour. Before evening she will be at rest—at least I think so. I will come again, later in the day, should Madame wish, or if my presence can be of any comfort, but for the present I will go on my way."

Madame de Mérillac thanked the little man, and asked that

he would return in the afternoon. "Are you busy, Monsieur, this morning?" she asked.

"No, Madame, only one or two places. I start always early on the mornings of Sundays and *fêtes*, so that I may be present at the *Grande Messe* with my good sister who keeps my house for me. Madame is aware it is at Mass that one gains strength for the week's work."

Then he bowed, and entered his gig and drove away through the sunlight and the glittering snow.

It was so quiet in the sick-room, nothing but the hiss of the smouldering logs on the hearth, and the laboured breathing of the dying woman. The closing of the door caused her to open her eyes. She looked up and saw Babette.

"My child," she said, "it is the good God who has sent you to visit me. I want you to do something for me if you will. Look you, my child, my poor boy has done wrong—before, had he returned, they would have looked coldly on him, but now! now that he has done this, who will say a word for him? In the old days, Babette, he loved you. Your heart has not quite closed to him yet, I think. Perhaps if you were to be gentle to him, to speak a friendly word now and then, should he remain here, it might save him. I cannot ask more. It would be selfish to hope that he might yet win you. Say, my child, that you will be good to him, that when others turn their backs on him you will not? It will comfort my dying hours if you say that it shall be so. I know that in the days of old your influence over him was for good. Often when the clouds of discontent were first settling on him, if he had seen you he would come back his old self, bright and cheerful. Ah, if he had been able to marry you then all this misery would never have happened. Now his chance is over; your father would not consent after this. And besides, even in the old days, it was not really fitting. Your father is rich, his position is above ours. For generations the Risons have held the old farm, and my poor Jean was but honest Turquin's apprentice."

"It would not have mattered. My father can dower me. What does the other matter as long as one cares— When first we were betrothed, he said I was too young, and that he must first see that Jean could work well and was capable of rising. That was all he wanted."

The Mère Gilette sighed. "Ah, well, that is over now," she said, "but Babette, you will be good to him now that I, his

mother, am leaving him—you will say now and again the kindly word? If I had lived, I might have saved him. The heart of a mother is open always to her child."

"But why should people turn against him!" Babette asked with a little light of pride coming into her eyes. "Listen—they have let me tell you—it is all a mistake. The miners had wounded Jean, and it was to save us all from danger that he came all those miles, it was he who offered his life to save the *château*. There was some mistake about money, I do not understand it quite, it had to do with the strike, and they were angry with Jean because some wicked man in Paris had run away with it, and so he told them that if they would spare the *château* he would come down and deliver himself up into their hands. Madame la Duchesse has said he was brave as a lion. It was Madame who would not let him throw his life away to save her house. It was all a mistake. Ah, if you had known, you need not have been ill!"

Babette ceased to speak, and the Mère Gillette lay speechless. She could not realize all at once what had been told her. She had been smitten down by the evil doings of her son, and lo! there had been no evil doings after all. The Lord God Almighty had stretched forth His hand to her and delivered her in her hour of need. She had striven to serve Him all her life, and His promise never to desert those who do so had been fulfilled to the very letter. Surely the Mother of Sorrows must have made intercession for her! She could not, I say, realize it at first. It seemed too good, too perfect to be true. By and bye her lips moved a little.

"Blessed be God," she said, "Blessed be God, who hath done great things for me. It is well, it is well, I am content. Bring me my son, that I may kiss him ere I die."

And so Babette went out into the corridor in search of Jean, and found him sitting in one of the deep window-sills near the door of the room where his mother lay. His head was resting on his hands, and he did not hear the girl's soft tread, it was only when she spoke his name that he looked up with a start of amazement and saw her, saw her with her brown, gold hair, and her tall graceful form, and her gentle smile.

"Jean," she said, just as though nothing had ever happened, ever come between them, "thy good mother would see thee."

He rose and stood before her as she spoke. He could not answer. To see her standing there, calling him by his name, to



see her unchanged, just as she was in the days of old, just as she had so often come back to him in his dreams, struck him dumb. He could only gaze at her as at some vision. He loved her, never till the day he left her did he know how dearly, and from that hour his love seemed to increase, and he had longed for a glimpse of the figure he knew so well, the figure in the black serge dress with the white kerchief folded across her breast, which was standing in front of him in the hush of the Sabbath stillness.

"You will come to her, will you not?" Babette said, looking up. "She is very ill. I have told her all, how it was a mistake, and how nobly you offered your life. Oh, it has made her so glad! I think that now she will die quite happy. Come, she is waiting," and she put out her hand to lead him to the room.

For a moment Jean hesitated. He thought of the days in Paris, of the vile, painted women among whom he had lived, and he felt unworthy to touch the hand of this young and innocent girl. Then as a little look of disappointment came upon her face he stretched forth his own rough hand and it was clasped in Babette's.

And hand in hand in silence they passed to the door of the sick-room. Then the girl drew back.

"She will like best to have you all to herself, at least for a while," she said.

Jean did not answer for a moment, then he said: "You have given me back what I have lost, my faith. It is *le bon Dieu* whom I have doubted, who has made you what you are." Then he turned and entered the room.

And so no one but God and His holy angels saw the meeting of the mother and son. Only in the hush, Babette could hear the deep sobs of Jean and the low murmur of the Mère Gilette's voice in the canticle of holy Simeon: *Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine: secundum verbum tuum in pace.*

"It is well," Madame de Mérillac said, when a little before noon she returned from *Grande Messe*, and Babette, meeting her in the hall, told her that the mother and son were alone together. "It is well. We will leave them so. The hours are short which are left. They are precious moments, these; he will live on them for years," and she sat silent, thinking of the dying hours of her child.

The time wore on. The bells had pealed, and Vespers were over, the sermon preached, and M. le Curé was lying aside his



muslin surplice in the sacristy, through the little windows of which came the last rays of the dying winter sun, when a messenger from the *château* came bidding him come in haste if he would see the Mère Gilette again. It was almost dark when he entered the still chamber, only lighted by a single wax taper, which seemed if possible to increase the gloom. The eyes of the dying woman were closed, but she opened them a little when the priest pronounced the last absolution over her, and gave a little smile, as though of thanks. Then she rested her right hand on the head of her son, and then on that of Babette.

"The Lord bless thee," she said to each.

They were the last words she ever spoke.

When, in the hush of the death-chamber, M. le Curé reached the words in the commendatory prayer, *Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo*—"Go forth, O Christian soul, from this world," there was just a little sigh, and it was over.

"She was always obedient," M. le Curé said with one of his slow, sad smiles. Then he covered his face with his hands, and knelt far into the night beside the dead body of the woman, whose soul he had tended through many years on its upward path to Heaven.

And a day or two afterwards, just before the great feast of Christmas, they bore the Mère Gilette up the steep little Grande Rue, past the cottage with its closed shutters, and in through those wooden gates to the place where her husband, and the children, whom the Lord had given her, lay resting in the serene repose of death. And the solemn words of the ritual were spoken, and the angel guard besought to watch that place of sepulchre, and then in the twilight hour they turned away, and left her lying there in peace, with God's soft rain falling gently on the earth and tangled grass.

"Come back to the *château*, Jean," Madame de Mérillac said, when on their return the procession broke up; but the young man would not.

"I thank you, Madame," he said, "but just now I am best alone," and he went away to the deserted cottage, which in the days of old his mother's hands had kept so spick and span. Those hands were folded across her breast now, and work was done, Jean thought, and then his eyes fell on the wisps of dusty corn, and he thought of the meeting between her and little Claude-Marie, and relief came in a burst of tears.

"Thy place waits for thee, friend," honest Turquin said the next morning, entering the little cottage. "If thou thinkest it worth while to return, right gladly will I bid thee welcome," and then the rough hand wiped away a tear which had gathered in the handsome grey eyes of the blacksmith, for he had looked round the little room and it brought back his old friend, the *Mère Gilette*.

"If you will receive me, I will come," Jean said, and Turquin looked at him. The great blacksmith's nature was tender. The memory of his own mother lived yet fresh in his kindly heart.

"Once it was so with me," he said, and took the arm of his apprentice, and went with him to the forge.

And through the winter's day Jean sat at work, and heard once again the bellows roar, and the water lapping against the bridge, as in the days of old, only at night when he went home, the little place was very still—very still. There was no fire on the hearth. He had to kindle that himself. The hands that once had done it for him so lovingly were at rest for evermore.

Christmas came, and on the eve of the feast, in the great dusky Norman church, Jean knelt in the confessional of *M. le Curé*, and the next morning knelt near *Babette* to receive the Bread of the strong. And the bells pealed, and the organ gave forth its solemn chants, and Jean's thoughts were with those who kept the feast on high.

The days rolled by. Jean hoped each day for a sight of *Babette*, but except at Mass on Sundays, he never saw her now. Every day he seemed to grow more sad and wretched and lonely.

"Is there no hope for thee any longer with thy sweetheart?" Turquin asked one spring day when Jean had refused to take a holiday which his master thought would be good for him. "Is there no hope?"

"I do not think so—it is my past life, I suppose," Jean answered.

Turquin was vexed, and questioned *M. le Curé*.

"It is *M. Rison*," the priest answered. "He will not hear of it. *Babette* will have a large dower. It is not a fitting match. And then, too, he is afraid of the young man's past."

The blacksmith went away and sat silent for the rest of the day thinking, thinking. That evening after supper, he asked his *Fanchette* whether she did not think it time that he gave

up work. They had no children—they were well-to-do. For his part, he should be glad to rest. Then he waited, rather frightened. Fanchette was a good wife, though a little inclined to tyrannize at times, but she loved her husband for all that, and she saw what he was driving at. She went across, and sat beside him.

"It is true we are rich, but that you wish to rest, I do not believe. I know that you love the old forge, and the work, and the gossip, and the rest of it, but you think if you gave it up to young Gilette, M. Rison would consent to his daughter's marriage. Is that not so?"

Fanchette was a wonderful woman. Turquin had often said so before, and now he said it again.

"It is a noble and kindly thought, husband," she said. "And if you carry it out, I will seek to make your home and your leisure happy. Perhaps sometimes in the past I have been a little quick."

Turquin kissed his wife and declared that in all Normandy no man had a happier home than he. The next day he made the proposal to M. Rison. The farmer would not hear of it. He feared the young man's steadfastness.

"If you should alter, remember I stand to my offer still," Turquin said, and went back down the lane and across the bridge to the forge, and the work he loved.

The days went on. Jean worked harder, and grew, if possible, more sad and lonely. He would see no one. He thanked all who asked him, but he was best alone, he said. Every evening, at dusk, he went to the cemetery, and knelt by his mother's grave. And there one evening, when many days had come and gone, M. Rison, visiting his own wife's grave, found him. He bent down and touched the young man's shoulder.

"Poor fellow," he said, "you have suffered much. It was my duty to wait and watch. Jean, if I give you my girl, you will be good to her?"

"I will," the other answered simply, but M. Rison was satisfied.

That night, Jean supped in the old oak kitchen of the farm, and feasted his eyes on Babette, who blushed crimson every time she caught his glance. And when it was time to go she went with him to the gate. The latch was difficult to unfasten, she said, and M. Rison smiled, and did not offer to accompany his guest. And the air was soft and sweet, and the latch took

a wonderful while to unfasten, and the pale moon looked down on the young lovers standing there just as through hundreds of years she has so often done before. Jean went away a very happy man that night.

And the next day, Turquin told him that he was for the future master of the forge, and Madame de Mérillac came herself to congratulate him, and to tell him that she would give Babette her wedding-dress. And then M. le Curé came, and walked up the hill, and spoke of God's goodness, and the heart of Jean felt full.

And one bright autumn day, the church bells pealed, and he and Babette were wed, and the kind faces of friends gazed on them as they knelt, and the days of Paris, and the evil hours spent there seemed like some ugly dream, Jean thought. And then M. le Curé drew near with the great golden ciborium, and bride and bridegroom received Him, who, long years ago, deigned to bless a marriage-feast in far-off Cana of Galilee.

"I think of thy good mother this day," Madame de Mérillac said as she shook hands with the pair in the old porch.

"And so do I," Babette said, and looked at her husband, but Jean was silent—he could not speak.

But as they stood silent with the golden sunshine falling all about them, M. le Curé, who had heard the last words, spoke :

"The souls of the just are in the hand of God, and the torment of death shall not touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die and their departure was taken for misery, and their going away from us, utter destruction, but they are in peace. As gold in the furnace He hath proved them, and as a victim of a holocaust He hath received them, and in time there shall be respect had to them.' I think Jean should be a proud man this day, for it seemeth to me that the words of Holy Writ are fulfilled here in the esteem felt by you all for the memory of Mère Gilette."

For an instant as the hushed tones of the priest ceased there was a silence broken only by the soft pealing of the bells above, and then there came from the throng a murmur as though they said among themselves that he—this Curé—had spoken well and truly. Perchance so it was.

THE END.

## Reviews.

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### I.—THE WISDOM AND WIT OF BLESSED THOMAS MORE.<sup>1</sup>

"TO the shame of Catholic England be it said," wrote a German critic not very long since, "the English works of Sir Thomas More have never been reprinted. Translations are published in abundance from French and Italian originals of little value, but the solid spirituality of writers like More, Stapleton, and Parsons is suffered to lie in oblivion." There is perhaps some little exaggeration in language like this, for after all a volume of really good selections was issued by the Rev. J. Walter, in 1841, and the *Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation*, the only ascetical treatise completed by Sir Thomas, was reprinted by Dolman many years back. But when all allowances have been made, it still remains true that the writings of the Martyr have not hitherto received from English Catholics a tithe of the attention which they deserve. We say hitherto, for we may reasonably trust that we are now at the dawn of a new era. If any one is able to remove the reproach to which the neglect of our treasures has exposed us, that man is Father Bridgett. If any means can be successful in restoring to Sir Thomas More the high position he ought to hold among our prose-writers and guides in the spiritual life, none we imagine offers better promise than this choice of extracts made by one so conversant with his writings and so singularly appreciative of their literary charm.

In sober truth, the neglect of More's English works, we do not say by Catholics but by scholars generally, is little short of inexplicable. A moderate share of attention has been awarded to his *History of Richard III.*, and the *Utopia*, of course, has often been reprinted in its English dress, which is not More's own, but with these exceptions his writings are

<sup>1</sup> *The Wisdom and Wit of Blessed Thomas More.* Being extracts from such of his works as were written in English. Collected and edited by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. London: Burns and Oates, 1892.

absolutely unknown to the world at large. And yet Sir Thomas offers a combination of qualities which make him beyond all the writers of his time an interesting study for the philologist, for the historian, for the moralist, and even for the general reader. Solid spirituality may be found in more than one pre-Elizabethan writer, in Walter Hilton, for instance, or in More's contemporary R. Whitford, "the wretch of Sion," or in his fellow-martyr Blessed John Fisher; but without disparagement to them we may say that More's spirituality is not less solid than theirs, while there is so much to attract us besides. His bright and merry humour, which allows no page to flag in the longest and dreariest of controversies; his power of homely illustration which gives to his words a persuasiveness beyond the reach of mere logic; the real eloquence to which he rises every now and again when he strives to give expression to some deeply-felt truth; above all, the character of the man—tender, genial, large-minded, with that wonderful forbearance which comes from true greatness of soul. It is this strong character, the mainspring of all other qualities, which seems to us to make Blessed Thomas so helpful as a spiritual writer. Some things there are which can be learnt from mere precept, without any touch of human sympathy. Mathematics can be so learnt, and languages and theology, and perhaps even some of the arts. But spirituality, the science of the saints, does not seem to be one of these things, and the most successful teacher in this field will be he with whom our nature vibrates in harmony, who shows himself at every turn to be a man like ourselves, though of far nobler mould. The flame of pure reason seems cold beside a warm living heart like that of our Martyr. There are some writers of whom it has been well said that they are too human ever to grow old-fashioned. Despite all his archaic language and all his quaintness, Sir Thomas More is pre-eminently one of them.

It is a dangerous thing to begin to make quotations from such a writer. It is so hard to know where to stop. But to illustrate one phase of his singular charm, we cannot forbear asking our readers to whom the *Dialogue of Comfort* may be a *terra incognita*, if they have anywhere met a passage which dashes off in a single paragraph the whole essence and nature of scruples like the following:

Pusillanimity bringeth forth a very timorous daughter, a silly, wretched girl, and ever puling, that is called Scrupulosity or a scrupulous

conscience. This girl is a meetly good puzzle in a house, never idle, but ever occupied and busy; but albeit she have a very gentle mistress that loveth her well, and is well content with that she doth, or if it be not all well (as all cannot be well always), content to pardon her as she doth others of her fellows, and so letteth her know that she will; yet can this peevish girl never cease whining and puling for fear lest her mistress be always angry with her, and that she shall shrewdly be shent [that she shall be well scolded]. Were her mistress, ween you, like to be content with this condition? Nay surely. I know such one myself, whose mistress was a very wise woman, and (which thing is in women very rare) very mild and also meek, and liked very well such service as she did her in the house, but this continual discomfortable fashion of hers she so much misliked, that she would sometimes say: "Eh! what aileth this girl? The elvish urchin [the word could then be used of both sexes] weeneth I were a devil I trow. Surely if she did me ten times better service than she doth, yet with this fantastical fear of hers I would be loath to have her in my house." (p. 49.)

How great is the philological interest of Sir Thomas More's English writings becomes very clear to those who have occasion to make much use of Dr. Murray's English Dictionary, for which it would seem that they have been carefully read. But indeed it requires no such testimony to establish this fact. There is hardly a page of Father Bridgett's selections which does not offer some interesting linguistic problem, or suggest, at least to the average reader, some etymological relationship to which he had not previously adverted. Father Bridgett has done well to gather some of the most striking of these curiosities of Tudor English into a separate section, headed "Colloquial and Quaint Phrases." But, as we have already said, the whole book bristles with them. Perhaps we may some of us have wondered, for instance, at the construction of the word *passing* in such a phrase as "passing strange." When we read in Sir Thomas (p. 90) that our Lord "letted not to sustain so far passing painful death," it becomes pretty obvious that the word is really an active participle—"a death surpassing (what is merely) painful." Or again, what a light does More's frequent use of the phrase, "My mind giveth me," "My heart cannot give me," throw upon our modern use of the word "misgiving." When he speaks of a hot blain, *chilblain* acquires quite a new interest; when he writes "to a forth better cheap," we get a fresh understanding of "to afford more cheaply;" when we find him speaking of "brickle clay" (from break), and of "a flickering eagle" (= fluttering, flitting), we are introduced to



a sound change of no little importance in the later history of our language.

The only difficulty, and that not a very serious one, which we foresee to the popularity of the present volume, is the fact that Sir Thomas More's archaisms will not always be intelligible at the first glance, and require some little apprenticeship in the speech of his, or at least, Shakspeare's time. Considering the aversion of the average reader to trouble, we think that Father Bridgett might sometimes have given a little more help in the way of notes than he has actually done. As for the text, in all passages of difficulty and moment we have found it most accurately printed and punctuated; but where comparison has not apparently been made with the original black letter, we have detached a few misprints, which we may note with a view to the next edition. Thus a "just and virtuous seal" (p. 62) should be of course a "just and virtuous zeal;" "part" (p. 66) is printed for "feast;" "bear" (p. 67) for "hear;" "thing" (p. 67) for "king;" "fet" (p. 83) for "set;" "many" (p. 84) for "marry;" "to wait" (p. 43) for "to wit;" "bestrew" (p. 149) for "beshrew." In an extract quoted on p. 13 the word *its* seemed to promise an interesting philological problem, for this form is not usually supposed to have been introduced until many years later. The word proves, however, only to be a misprint for *of*. As for "he all too rated me" (p. 193), analogy, it seems to us, should favour the spelling "he all to-rated me." There is also at times some little confusion in the references at the foot of the page between the *Dialogue of Comfort* and the *Dialogue concerning Heresies*.

One last suggestion before we part company with this delightful volume. It may be, as we have already said, that Sir Thomas More's English will be found a little difficult by some inexperienced readers without more help than Father Bridgett here offers them. On the other hand, we cannot imagine a book which would serve among students or young people as a more admirable introduction to the English of Shakspeare and of the Tudor period generally. Now, if any admirers of Sir Thomas wish to offer real encouragement for the study of his works among English Catholics, we would suggest that they should offer prizes in our different schools, or even a single prize for competition between different schools, for a knowledge, philological and literary, of the text of this volume. It would

be easy, we think, to set a thoroughly testing examination, and the absence of voluminous notes would rather discourage cram and stimulate original enterprise. Such a scheme would do much to remove the reproach which rests upon us, even more than upon the Catholics of the last century, of indifference to the rich treasures bequeathed to us by our fathers in the faith. However this may be, Father Bridgett has added very considerably in the present volume to the debt of gratitude we already owe him for his labours in the cause of the early Reformation Martyrs. We could wish that he might be induced to prepare for the Early English Text Society a worthy and monumental edition of the writings of Blessed Thomas.

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## 2.—THE SPIRIT OF ST. IGNATIUS.<sup>1</sup>

We have had published of late both in England and America a number of year-books containing sayings of various saints, one for each day in the year. Such little memorials of the wisdom of the servants of God are very welcome. But a book in which are collected, not perhaps all, but a large number of the inspired thoughts of some of those who have been conspicuous for their heroic sanctity, is of far greater value than a few mere scattered morsels from the feast of good things that they have bequeathed to us. Such a work is Father Franciosi's *Spirit of St. Ignatius*. The author has gathered together all the more remarkable of the sayings of the Saint under suitable headings. He has added characteristic anecdotes in which the Saint's actions illustrate his maxims—*cæpit facere et docere*—and thus variety is secured, and a sort of historic interest attached to the quotations from his discourses and writings. In the sayings of St. Ignatius there is always a point and a pungency that mark the man of genius as well as the saint. The very first in the book is on one of the tritest of subjects, but there is a freshness about the manner of statement which gives it force.

There is only one Catholic Church. As the Bridegroom is One, the bride is one also.

There **was** only one Noah's ark, outside which no one was saved at

<sup>1</sup> *The Spirit of St. Ignatius*. Translated from the French of Father Xavier de Franciosi, S.J. Quarterly Series. London: Burns and Oates, 1892.

the Deluge; there was only one tabernacle constructed by Moses, only one Temple at Jerusalem built by Solomon for sacrifice and for worship; only one Synagogue the sentences of which were legal. (p. 1.)

On all spiritual matters, what strikes us most in the "mind" of St. Ignatius was that he was intensely practical. He had so thoroughly grasped from the beginning of his conversion the principles of the spiritual life that he seemed to see intuitively (putting apart the cases of special inspiration) what was the wise and prudent course under any given circumstances. It was this practical spirit that led to his insisting on obedience before all other virtues. It was because he knew, as he writes in the celebrated letter of obedience, that where obedience flourishes there all other virtues will flourish also. He was most severe on disobedience and dismissed without more ado those who would not obey. He also insisted on promptness in obeying.

Ignatius could not bear that, under any pretext, obedience should be deferred, and he required humility even to give way to obedience. When any one, after having committed a fault, came to throw himself at his feet to implore his pardon and to receive a penance, if the guilty person continued to kneel after he had told him to rise, the Saint went away leaving him in that position, in order to give him to understand that *humility is without merit when it is contrary to obedience*. One day, having made a sign to a Brother Coadjutor to be seated during a visit paid by him to a gentleman of rank, and the Brother having, out of respect, remained standing, Ignatius ordered him to place upon his head the stool upon which he would not sit, and to remain thus during the whole interview. (pp. 87, 88.)

His practical spirit was also shown in the great stress he laid on suffering and persecution for God's sake as the best signs of love to Him and as His greatest benefits. His prayer that his children might always be persecuted was only a bit of spiritual common sense. He himself treasured up any bit of ill-usage endured for his Master.

On the same occasion [when he was in prison in Salamanca], some nuns having written to console Ignatius, deploring the bad treatment which he had undergone, he answered them: "I am surprised that Christians, who cannot be ignorant of the mystery of the Cross, should not value more highly the precious treasures which persecution contains; for my part, I tremble with joy and I have an ardent desire to suffer much more in my Master's cause." (p. 18.)

It was the same wonderful insight into character and practical wisdom in choosing his subjects that made him dread

a stubborn and gloomy character and rejoice in those who were light-hearted and joyous.

Francis Coster, when very young, and still a novice, was much given to laughter, as is common with novices. Ignatius once caught him in one of his fits of mirth, and calling him said to him: "Francis, I am told that you are always laughing." At these words the novice modestly looked down, expecting a severe lecture, but the Saint added: "Laugh and be joyful in the Lord, I command you to be so. A religious has no cause to be sorrowful, but many to be joyful, and this will be your case most certainly if you are humble and obedient. I speak to you thus, because I think that I recognize in you more than ordinary capacity, and qualities which may render you fit for the management of important matters. . . . In order to be always joyful and cheerful, be always humble, always obedient." (pp. 162, 163.)

One or two extracts from the description of St. Ignatius' mode of government bring out the same feature that may be descried throughout this most interesting and useful volume.

The Servant of God took care that the food of the community should be of good quality and prepared as delicately as the requirements of religious poverty permitted. He had desired the Father Minister to go into the kitchen three times a day to see how the meals were prepared, and to ascertain the savour of the food by tasting it. (p. 380.)

Each year, at the approach of Lent, the Saint sent for the doctor who attended the house. All the members of the community had to appear before him and before Ignatius, in order that, after an examination of their strength, fasting should only be imposed upon those capable of enduring its severity. . . . On this point he was careful not to refer to Father Gonzalez, his Minister, whom he knew to be austere and little inclined to indulgence. (p. 381.)

Two things especially contributed wonderfully to render the government of Ignatius gentle, and to make it loved: a great esteem for his children, and his tender love for them, a love devoid of disguise or artifice, a love which was sincere, and which came from the depths of his soul. It was a rare and wonderful thing. Each might think that he occupied the first place in his heart, he knew so well how, without prejudice to the attachment which he owed to all, to lavish upon each the signs of paternal affection. As to the esteem which he felt for them, he expressed it in terms difficult to believe; he spoke of them as persons who had already reached the height of perfection, or who, at least, were proceeding quickly towards it. In speaking thus, he said what he believed to be the truth. (p. 363.)

The book is well translated, and only here and there shows traces of the original. There is a certain irregularity in the proper names according to the source from which the anecdote

or extract is taken. Apparently if from a French, or Italian, or Spanish book, the real name is given ; if from a Latin book, the Latinized form. We have on the one hand Manarè, Nadal, Olave ; on the other Crucius, Lessius, and Palmius, who, by the way, a few pages later figures in another story as Palmio. But it is Father Franciosi, not his translator, who is responsible for this want of consistency.

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3.—PHASES OF THOUGHT AND CRITICISM.<sup>1</sup>

Under this unpretending title, Brother Azarias has brought together and condensed no inconsiderable amount of philosophical thought and true Christian wisdom. Starting from a philosophical basis, he deals with the four-fold activity of the human soul, or speaking objectively, with four distinct spheres or fields upon which the faculties of the soul are employed, and taking for granted that soul-culture is then only complete when all its four activities are harmoniously developed, he proceeds to treat of them in succession, and to draw from them principles of criticism. Truth, goodness, beauty, are the objects respectively of reason or the illative sense, of the moral sense, and the æsthetic sense ; and all these together in both the natural and supernatural orders are, viewed in the light of faith, the object of the spiritual sense. The book is not a set treatise. It does not pretend to systematically analyze these various functions of the soul, to define with nicety their intrinsic nature, or establish a series of theses with set proofs and elaborate discussion. But in pleasant literary style and informal manner, we are presented with the outcome of wide reading and long years of study, by a thoughtful and well-trained mind, of the workings and practical applications of the soul's faculties.

It is a misfortune perhaps that the work, though exhibiting unity of design, was written piecemeal, and addressed to various classes of readers or hearers. Some chapters, useful as they must have been to those youthful audiences to which they were originally delivered, are somewhat too elementary in matter and too didactic in form to please the general reader. At the same time, it must be confessed that modern materialism and excessive scepticism have reduced the majority of the reading-

<sup>1</sup> *Phases of Thought and Criticism.* By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company ; Cambridge: The Riverside Press, 1892.

world to a state of ignorance concerning first principles and the deep truths familiar to those who are trained in scholastic philosophy, which makes a little elementary instruction not wholly out of place even in works addressed to the general public.

The defect, if it be such, which we have ventured to notice, does not extend to many chapters, and has no application to the very appreciative and interesting sketches given of Emerson and Newman as types of extremely opposite styles of thinking. The notice of the latter, brief as it is, shows that Brother Azarias has seized that characteristic of Newman which has been brought out with singular insight and felicity of treatment by Mr. Hutton in his charming study of the great Cardinal, we mean the unity and simplicity, the naturalness and straightforwardness of his life and character, combined with the width and complexity of a nature sensitive to all sorts of delicate attractions and repulsions. "No life known to me in the last century can for a moment compare with it, so far as we can judge of such deep matters, in unity of meaning and constancy of purpose." His was "a life that has fed itself from beginning to end on the substance of Divine revelation, and that has measured the whole length and breadth and depth of human doubt without fascination and without dread." Or, as Brother Azarias puts it: "Cardinal Newman's mind is above all a religious mind. Religion is for him a reality; it is a sacred tunic, clothing all his thoughts and making them holy and earnest; it is an essential part of his existence; it is the life of his life."

It is the culture of the spiritual sense that Brother Azarias sees to be at once indispensable to the true elevation of men, and in special danger of neglect and destruction in these days by the modern spirit of agnosticism; and by way of showing how the principles of thought and criticism expounded in his first seven chapters may be applied, he proceeds in three elaborate essays to analyze and explain the underlying meaning of three masterpieces of literature, the *Imitation of Christ*, the *Divina Commedia*, and *In Memoriam*. This is done with a view to determining what the philosophical or mystical element in each may be which gives life and unity to these several organisms, and so going much deeper than mere literary form, seeks to express the vivifying ideal which they embody.

In the first, the mediæval monk expounds the light of truth and the life of grace which he has sought and found in their



fountain-head. In the calm retreat of monastic life, by the white light of God's truth, with his imagination undisturbed by the distorting influences of passion and illusion, he explores the depths of human misery, folly, and degradation, discovers their origin in self-love and self-gratification, prescribes the remedy and points out with unerring hand the road that leads all—the sinner and the saint—under every variety of vicissitude to light and life, the author's genius having such complete grasp and mastery of his subject that there is no yearning of the soul, no spiritual want that does not find in its pages adequate expression, sympathetic response, and promise of satisfaction. In every part of the world, through succeeding ages, souls of all degrees of intellectual or spiritual culture fall under the magic influence of this recluse, who lived with God and God with him.

In studying the *Divina Commedia*, whilst allowing full value to the influence of the general spirit of Dante's time and the strongly pronounced character of the man upon his work, our author investigates the end and aim of the great poem, which is one, simple, yet all-pervading, viz., by exhibiting the drama of human life to lead men from the misery of sin, through struggle against vice, to earnest pursuit of perfection by means of knowledge and power, the one embodied in philosophy and theology, the other flowing from this knowledge, aided by prayer and grace or the help of the Unseen.

But perhaps the most careful and loving, as it is certainly the most elaborate, analysis is bestowed by our author upon Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, in which he sees a lyrical drama of the soul, the argument of which may be briefly summed up by saying that loss may become gain when grief is cherished by love. Here, again, much attention is paid to the circumstances of the age, the influence of the *Zeitgeist*, and the personal influences under which the poet is known to have fallen. Interpreted partly by the help of these surroundings, and partly by a very minute analysis of the poem itself, *In Memoriam* becomes "a highly-finished expression of the heart-hunger of a soul groping after the fulfilment of its desires and aspirations, searching into science and art, and challenging heaven and earth to yield up the secret of happiness and contentment, and in the primitive instincts of human nature, together with the essential truths of the Christian religion—in these alone interpreted in the light of faith—discovering the meaning of life and answers to the questionings of doubt and materialism."



4.—A TREATISE ON IDEOLOGY.<sup>1</sup>

A great deal of philosophical thought has during the present century been expended upon the question of the factors of our knowledge and the result of their working. Do we perceive qualities of things by our senses, or do our senses only cause in us the belief that we perceive them? Are we able to arrive at an objectively valid judgment regarding the nature of the phenomenal world surrounding us? And what about our inmost "Ego"? Is it possible to learn something about its nature by watching its perceptions, feelings, thoughts, desires, volitions? Or are the modern followers of Heraclitus right, when they tell us that everything within and without the thinking subject is running its course with fatal necessity, like a torrent that rushes down a ravine, continually changing in its internal constitution, whilst apparently permanent in its external form? And again, if it be wrong to say *πάντα χωρεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει*,<sup>2</sup> what are the channels through which the philosopher must steer the boat of his speculation in order to reach the *terra firma* of lasting truth? And what is the criterion by which he may judge that he really has found it?

These questions and others closely connected with them are nowadays treated in a special department of philosophy called Noetics or Ideology, in German *Erkenntnisslehre*, the title of the two volumes before us.<sup>3</sup> We are glad to say that in them we have a very solid and very full course of Noetics written by an author who has been for many years Professor of Philosophy and Theology at Munich, in one of the most prominent Universities of Germany.

The work of Dr. Schmid opens with an Introduction of about sixty pages in which the reader is instructed about the import and bearing of Noetics.

The treatise itself falls into three principal sections. The first of these contains an explanation of philosophical doubt, an historical account of its various forms, and a good criticism of their claims upon our consideration. (vol. i. pp. 62—110.)

The second section is given to the consideration of sense-

<sup>1</sup> *Erkenntnisslehre*. Von Dr. Al. Schmid, o. ö. Professor an der Universität München. Erster Band, vii. pp. & 498. Zweiter Band, v. pp. & 428, 8vo.

<sup>2</sup> "Everything is moving, nothing standing still." (Plato, *Cratyl.* p. 402 a.)

<sup>3</sup> In the Stonyhurst Manuals of Catholic Philosophy the most important questions of Noetics are contained in *First Principles*, by Rev. John Rickaby.

perception. After an exposition of the theories held on this subject by ancient and modern philosophers, the author establishes his own views, and then substantiates his exceptions to opposite theories. (pp. 111—241.)

The knowledge acquired by intellect and reason (*Vernunftkenntniss*) forms the subject of the third section, which has two divisions, one historical, the other dogmatic. Here we meet first with a notice of the philosophers who profess Sensualism, to wit, the theory according to which all contents of human knowledge are due to sense-perception. Beginning by Protagoras and following the run of centuries, our author leads his readers through the labyrinth of Sensualistic speculation, till they arrive at modern names, such as Comte in France, Spencer in England, Wundt in Germany. (vol. i. pp. 243—324.) Passing on from the murky atmosphere of Sensualism to the brighter region of Intellectualism, the supporters of which ascribe to man the power of grasping supra-sensile spiritual realities, Dr. Schmid throws out many ideas and facts interesting to friends of philosophy in a series of essays on Plato, Aristotle, the Neoplatonists, St. Augustine, the Mediæval Realists, Albert the Great, Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, Dun Scotus, Suarez, Des Cartes, Leibnitz, Kant. (pp. 324—498.) The dogmatic division of the third section fills the whole of the second volume. Having premised some preliminary remarks on intellectual knowledge in general, our author discusses the possibility and limits of Metaphysics. What he has to say on *judicia synthetica a priori* is of particular interest. In his opinion there are judgments which must aptly be called by that appellation, although Kant was wrong in maintaining that they were the product of a blind instinct of the Reason. (vol. ii. pp. 13—133.)

The discussion on Metaphysics in general is followed by a series of ideological discussions on fundamental ideas connected with Psychology, Natural Theology, Logic, Ethics, and Æsthetics. (vol. ii. pp. 133—283.) Thus the way is paved to verdicts to be passed on Sensualism and Intellectualism. (pp. 283—301.)

From the sources of human knowledge we come to its natural result, Certitude. The elements of Certitude, its general criterion, its connection with cumulative probabilities, its various species, its objective grounds in various departments of human knowledge, finally the more prominent theories concerning its

foundation, are discussed with much erudition and depth of thought. Finally, a sketch of the limits of Noetics carries us to the end of the second volume. (pp. 418, seq.)

Dr. Schmid's work will prove very useful in widening and deepening the views not only of beginners, but also of more advanced students of philosophy on many subjects of the highest interest and importance. Its usefulness might have been still more increased by adding to the good Table of Contents and to the long list of authors, an accurate Alphabetical Index of subjects.

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#### 5.—THE HISTORY OF DOGMAS.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Schwane's *Dogmengeschichte* is well known and appreciated in Germany; and he now lays his readers under a further obligation by a revised edition of the first volume. The entire work brings the history down to the present day, in four volumes, each devoted to a marked period of Catholic thought. But so comprehensive an undertaking necessarily took much time, and meanwhile the advance of knowledge had caused the first volume, published some thirty years since, to become somewhat out of date. Hence the necessity of the present revised edition, which deals with the important period previous to the Council of Nicæa.

We must be careful to understand such a term as "History of Dogmas" in the precise sense in which it is used by the author. The term is in frequent use among Protestants, from whom indeed it seems to have been borrowed by German Catholic writers. With Protestants it means the History of Religious Opinions in the variations they have undergone in the course of time. For Catholics such variations have no existence. The Christian revelation was given once for all, and completed in the old Apostolic days: and as it has been maintained by the Church's infallibility altogether incorrupt, no surrender of a doctrine once held, no transition from one belief to its opposite, has, or can have, ever taken place.

Nevertheless, the study of Catholic doctrine has its historic aspect. The revelation communicated through the Apostles to the Church was not comprised in a fixed number of verbal propositions, a dead possession requiring only to be committed

<sup>1</sup> *Dogmengeschichte*. Von Dr. Joseph Schwane. Erster Band. Vornicänische Zeit. Zweite, vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage. Freiburg: Herder, 1892.

to memory and acted upon. It was a fund of living truth planted like seed in the mind of the Church, with the intention that it might take root there and grow with the same sort of mental and moral growth which characterizes the progressive comprehension and translation into practice of any other fruitful idea. It would be as possible to express the entire contents of a man's mind in a series of propositions which should leave no room for further doubts and definitions, as to set down once and for all in a like series of propositions the entire revelation committed to the Catholic Church. Rather, as time goes on, opposition, speculation, devotion, and other circumstances will reveal new aspects of the ancient doctrines, and raise doubts as to what their real meaning may be, and thence follows under the Church's infallible guidance a clearer comprehension and more precise definition of her faith. Such definitions authoritatively propounded by the Church are what we understand by dogmas, and the process by which they are evoked, through the progressive efforts of the faithful to understand revealed truth more distinctly, is what we understand by the Development of Doctrine. And the History of Dogmas is the history of the actual stages through which the development has passed.

All this is clearly explained by Dr. Schwane in his introductory chapter, and the prospect opened out is one which should be of special interest to modern theologians. We are feeling more and more that only in a true understanding of this process of development and its legitimacy lies the satisfactory solution of many difficulties which perplex non-Catholic students, even when in all sincerity they compare the modern with the ancient Church, in order to judge of the claimed identity between them.

In this interesting but difficult subject Father Schwane will be found a safe and valuable guide, and we cordially commend his book.

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#### 6.—THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.<sup>1</sup>

Slowly but surely is the truth about the Catholic religion in England being drawn from the well into which it was cast at the Reformation period. Within this century and in this country, Lingard, Cobbett in his knock-down fashion, Brewer,

<sup>1</sup> *The Church in England, A.D. 30—1509.* By Mary H. Allies. London: Burns and Oates, 1892.

Stevenson, Lee, Stubbs, Bridgett, and Gasquet, Catholics and Protestants have each in their measure helped on the cause of Catholic truth. But many lack time and opportunity to go through a long course of historical inquiry such as would be required of one who should go to the above-named sources for his information. Here, however, in a small volume of less than four hundred pages, is given a sketch of the Catholic Church in British, Saxon, and Norman times down to the beginning of the Tudor period, in which is embodied the critical results of recent years.

At the beginning of the book (which, by the way, is left without a Preface to stand on its own merits) there is a full list of authorities consulted, and no statement of any importance is advanced without the authority for it being set forth at the foot of the page. All the main points of interest from A.D. 30 to 1509 are touched upon, but the attempt to cover so wide a field in so short a compass hardly left the writer the power of doing full justice to some of her subjects. One cannot help noticing that here and there the descriptions and narratives of events do not give a clear picture that stands well out from the canvas, and some important points are not always dwelt on at sufficient length to drive them home. However, the oneness of the Church, the unity of its essential teaching and practices amid the varying temporal fortunes that befell this country during 1,500 years, is rightly insisted on. This note is struck at the beginning of the book.

The plan of the universe is thus unfolded year after year, and the course of its unfolding suggests two thoughts, Divine unity and infinite power. The millions of suns obey one law; the most distant star forms part of the sidereal system, and would cease to shine or even to exist apart from it. This magnificent unity points to the conclusion that God nowhere works without it, and that His revelation to man must necessarily be one. There cannot be two laws of gravitation any more than there can be two sidereal systems. So in the spiritual kingdom, of which the universe is but a pale figure, unity and truth are synonymous. (C. i. p. 1.)

And the concluding paragraph of the work tells us that

The success of Wycliffe and the Lollards was mainly due to the schism of the West, which weakened for a time the great voice of Peter. That success produced in England the dethronement of Richard II., the successive struggles of rival branches of the royal

house, culminating in the Wars of the Roses. When therefore our ancestors said, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," it was no vain word. There was one only Faith in England, one Sacrifice, one Priesthood, all resting upon the person of Peter, whether he called himself in the words of St. Gregory, "Servant of the Servants of God," or "Bishop of the Catholic Church," that is, Chief Shepherd of Christ's sheep. (c. xi. pp. 359, 360.)

We commend to any reader who may perchance find a difficulty in meeting the Continuity theory, the latest invention of Protestantism, such a chapter as "The First of an Invincible Race," where St. Wilfrid's connection with the See of St. Peter is narrated, and many paragraphs in various parts of the book that show so well how the Church in British, Saxon, and Norman days drew its jurisdiction, its life, and organization entirely from Rome. At the time of the Council of Arles, in 314, there was a hierarchy of British Bishops, which points to a settled order of religion far in advance of the half-civilized state of the country, and this was created by the Pope and due to union with the Pope. "The Saxons had a boundless reverence and love for St. Peter. It may be said that one pilgrimage alone, that of Rome, engrossed their energies." (p. 121.) The Saxons all looked to Rome, and drew their life and their jurisdiction from Rome, and this long before they were one nation. The history of the pallium alone would suffice to show what was the nature of the Catholic Church in England before the Reformation, and how it was essentially and entirely different from the Protestantism that succeeded it. Miss Allies may be congratulated on having produced a little book that will no doubt be useful to many a busy Catholic.

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#### 7.—LIES AND ERRORS OF HISTORY.<sup>1</sup>

The little volume before us collects together twenty essays on the Lies and Errors of History. They first appeared in the pages of our valued contemporary, the *Ave Maria* magazine. Some of the twenty are on known and trite subjects. But the author was under no necessity of apologizing for handling them again. He truly says that if the calumnious charges against the

<sup>1</sup> *Some Lies and Errors of History.* By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. Reprinted from the *Ave Maria*. Notre Dame, Indiana, 1892.



Church continue, the endeavour to dispel them should be likewise continued. Others of the subjects of these essays deal with charges which, if not so classical, are often made and require to be dealt with. Among the first class we may mention as specimens Pope Alexander VI., Galileo, the Inquisition, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's; among the second, the Divorce of Napoleon and Josephine, Richelieu and the "Grey Cardinal" who was his counsellor, Wicked Venice, &c.

In the essay on Alexander VI. the author successfully shows how tainted are the sources whence so many of the charges against Alexander first sprung. Alexander throughout his career was mixed up in the intrigues of Italian politicians, who cannot be credited with any great scruples about the truth of the tales they disseminated. The wholesale charges of poisoning, and of almost incredibly shameless immoralities, are due to writers of this temperament, and deserve no credence at all, as is now acknowledged by all competent historians. We are afraid, however, that Alexander VI. cannot be so successfully whitewashed as Dr. Parsons imagines. Dr. Parsons, indeed, does not seem to be quite aware of all that he has to meet. He quotes another writer for the statement that during his long cardinalate of thirty-five years Roderigo never gave any public scandal. Leaving alone the question of his children, there is on record a letter addressed to him by Pius II. reprehending him for his dissolute life, and requiring him to consider seriously the scandal he was bringing on the Sacred College. How has this escaped the author's notice? Again, Roderigo was made Cardinal at the age of twenty-two, and his children were therefore born after his accession to that dignity. Dr. Parsons reminds us that a Cardinal was not necessarily in Holy Orders, particularly in those days. This is true, although it is by no means clear that Roderigo was not in Holy Orders thus early. But why have we not the acknowledgment that Vanozza is understood to have been the wife of another, and why no attempt to grapple with the arguments of those who maintain this? Then there is the very serious question of Juan de Borgia, on which the author is silent.

However, although we have these serious faults to find with the essay on Alexander VI., we by no means wish to convey the idea that the author is untrustworthy. In these complicated questions an essayist may easily fail to know of all the materials, and certainly on the whole Dr. Parsons shows a

praiseworthy diligence in consulting and quoting the best authorities.

As we have criticized adversely one essay, let us hasten to criticize favourably another. The author deals well with the question of the divorce between Napoleon and Josephine. Of course the name of a divorce, though accepted and therefore naturally retained as a title, is not really applicable, and this is pointed out by the essayist. The only question which a Church court can entertain is that of nullity, and this is the question which the Emperor raised. He maintained that the original civil marriage in 1796 was null because not celebrated in the presence of the parish priest, and that this defect was not set right in 1804, because the only ecclesiastic then present was still not the parish priest, according to the requirements of the law of Trent in places like France where it had been introduced. Napoleon also pleaded that he had deliberately withheld his consent in 1804. The declaration of nullity pronounced on these grounds in no sense involved the Holy See in any blame, as Dr. Parsons explains very clearly. The matter was never brought before the cognizance of the Pope, but was pronounced by the terrified ecclesiastics who formed the "officialities" of the dioceses, suffragan, metropolitan, and primatial, of France. Even these do not appear to have had the full facts before them. Fesch, who presided at the religious ceremony in 1804, had full powers in the matter from Pius VII., and could therefore dispense with the law of clandestinity otherwise requiring the attendance of the parish priest. If Napoleon deliberately withheld his consent during the ceremony, of course no marriage took place, but it is an outrageous supposition.

Of the other essays, we may mention as of much interest those on Louis XI. and Richelieu, which bring forward good authorities for a very different view of their respective characters than we have learned from Scott or Bulwer Lytton. "Wicked Venice" also turns out to have been the victim of much calumny directed against the State Inquisition.

Throughout the author writes pleasantly, and makes up an interesting book which, as far as we have been able to test, seems, in spite of some defects, to be generally trustworthy and to deserve a place on our bookshelves, whence it may be usefully taken down from time to time when the old charges are served up again and again, *usque ad nauseam*.

8.—THE LUTHERAN MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.<sup>1</sup>

The period of history embraced in this volume and the special subject which it more particularly undertakes to illustrate are full of interest, and well deserve a more careful examination than they have hitherto received. The dominant idea of King Henry VIII. which is formed in the minds of most Englishmen is that he was generally employed in flattering or in libelling the Pope, in being outwitted by Charles V. and Francis I., or in plundering the churches and in martyring the Catholic clergy of England. We seldom think of him as attempting to form an alliance with the German Lutherans, or of soliciting a protracted visit from Melancthon, with the object of arriving at a doctrinal basis upon which the union of England with the professors of the Confession of Augsburg might be established. How far Henry was in earnest may be questioned; how far the Lutherans trusted his sincerity is open to grave doubt; but this feature in the transaction only adds to its interest, and makes it all the more worthy of a careful examination. We repeat then that "the Lutheran movement in England" is a curious one, and well worthy of a scholarly investigation.

With these feelings we turned to the work of the "Norton Professor of Systematic Theology in the Theological Seminary of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Philadelphia," in the expectation that these several points would receive a scholar-like investigation at the hands of Dr. Jacobs. We are sorry to be compelled to admit that we have been disappointed. The book labours under various radical defects. Of these, one of the principal is that the author is ignorant of several works of primary importance, continual reference to which is indispensable. He knows nothing of Rymer's great collection of documents illustrative of the history of England, in twenty volumes in folio, of which three are devoted to the two reigns which he professes to discuss. More fatal still is the omission of all reference to the grand series of abstracts of all the documents, official and domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII. by the late Dr. Brewer and the present Mr. Gairdner, both of the Record Office, of which seventeen volumes have already

<sup>1</sup> *The Lutheran Movement in England during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. and its Literary Monuments.* By Henry E. Jacobs, D.D. London, 1892. (Printed in Philadelphia, U.S.A.)

appeared. Is Dr. Jacobs ignorant of the existence of these works? or if conscious of their existence, why does he ignore them? His book is twenty years behind date, and discredits the historical scholarship of America. Its author defrauds his readers of the pleasure which they might before now have derived from the wonderful revelations recently brought to light by the deciphered letters of Chapuys and the other foreign ambassadors, for which we are now indebted to the skill and scholarship of Mr. Gairdner and his well-trained assistants. When we compare his work with that of Dr. Jacobs we learn a lesson which we shall not soon forget; and assuredly we shall be in no haste to sit again, horn-book in hand, at the foot-stool of the "Norton Professor of Systematic Theology in the Seminary of Philadelphia."

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9.—CORRESPONDANCE DU MARQUIS ET DE LA MARQUISE DE RAIGECOURT.<sup>1</sup>

This work is one of the most interesting and instructive of the many similar reproductions which have appeared of late years. We see in its pages the best and brightest side of the life and character of the French *noblesse* in their exile side by side with much that is far from edifying in others. For the four principal correspondents whose daily life and innermost thoughts are now for the first time given to the public, were one and all fervent practical Catholics. Madame de Bombelles, *née* de Mackau, was as a child the companion and playmate of the saintly Madame Elisabeth, and in later years her lady-in-waiting. Madame de Raigecourt, *née* de Causans, who was somewhat younger than her friend, was also a lady-in-waiting to the Princess, and a *chanoinesse* of Metz. The marriages of both these ladies were arranged by their royal mistress, and as might have been expected, turned out most happily. As neither of the brides would seem to have been richly endowed with the goods of this world, she herself provided Mdlle. de Causans with a dowry, by voluntarily surrendering the annual gift of 30,000 francs which Louis XVI. was in the habit of making

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondance du Marquis et de la Marquise de Raigecourt avec le Marquis et la Marquise de Bombelles, pendant l'Emigration, 1790—1800.* Publiée d'après les originaux pour la Société d'Histoire Contemporaine, par Maxime de la Rocheterie. Paris: Au siège de la Société, Rue Saint-Simon, 5.

her, and that for a period of five consecutive years. Madame de Bombelles was also provided with a modest fortune through the Princess's kindly interest with the King, and both these ladies continued to live on terms of the closest intimacy and friendship with their illustrious benefactress down to the period of the French Revolution. M. de Bombelles, who belonged to an old Alsatian family, had served in the army in early life, but after a time exchanged the career of arms for that of diplomacy, and at the outbreak of the Revolution was Ambassador at Venice. M. de Raigecourt, who was a native of Lorraine, was at first an artilleryman, but subsequently an officer of the celebrated Royal Allemand Regiment. As soon as the Revolution broke out, Madame Elisabeth insisted upon both her friends quitting France, although she felt the separation most keenly, and it was undoubtedly owing to this unselfish foresight on her part, that they escaped the fate which befell so many others. M. de Raigecourt accordingly placed his wife in safety at Trèves and then set out for Turin, where the Comte d'Artois, to whose person he was attached, was endeavouring to organize an armed opposition to the spread of the Revolutionary epidemic. He subsequently followed his patron to Germany, and was to be seen now at Trèves, now at Coblenz, endeavouring to heal the divisions in the royal party, and doing his best to promote unity of action. The Marquis de Bombelles soon surrendered his post at Venice, as his conscience would not allow him to take the constitutional oath, although without any means of his own, and was only preserved from the greatest poverty by a small allowance made to him, unsolicited, by the Queen of Naples. His wife and children settled down in an old *château* called Wartegg, near St. Gall, while he himself acted in a general way, under the Baron de Breteuil, as the representative of the King and Queen at various foreign courts. He was one of the very few who were entrusted with the secret of the abortive flight of the royal family to Varennes, and was also despatched on another occasion upon a confidential mission to St. Petersburg. Much light is thrown upon the strained relations which unfortunately existed between the King and Queen and the exiled princes, and many a sad picture given of the unedifying life led by the latter and so many of their adherents. It is painful to note how completely the old habits of selfishness and petty intrigue, to say nothing of certain darker traits, which were so characteristic of the *noblesse* at the

Court of Versailles, were continued and reproduced on a miniature scale by the same men and women in their exile. The awful scenes which were passing around them and drenching the soil of fair France with the blood of her children, and the horrors and death from which most of the exiles had only escaped by the visible protection of the Most High, would seem to have produced hardly any effect upon them. Their conduct in exile reminds us forcibly of the words of Solomon, "though thou shouldest bray a fool in the mortar . . . his folly would not be taken from him." It never seems to have occurred to them that the terrible misfortunes which had befallen their country and their race, were the judgments of God upon their sins, and that they needed to humble themselves in sackcloth and ashes. Great want of union, too, seems to have prevailed in their counsels, and this was of course most detrimental to the common cause. Amid the varied scenes of folly, intrigue, and selfishness which were passing in their midst, the character of the de Raigecourts and de Bombelles, stands out in bright relief. The letters of Madame de Raigecourt to her absent husband are one and all marked by the profoundest affection, and abound with traits of a pure and unselfish devotion to the cause of her King and country. The following extracts will give the reader a good idea of the character of this excellent and heroic woman.

J'attends tous les jours de tes nouvelles avec une impatience bien grande ; je voudrais à chaque instant savoir ce que tu fais, ce que tu deviens, c'est impossible, mais je voudrais que cela ne fût pas . . . écris-moi le plus que tu pourras ; mande-moi si toutes mes lettres te parviennent, je t'en écris partout, et par différentes routes, là est la consolation seule de mon exil, que d'être au courant de ta vie autant que possible . . . aime-moi, aimons-nous, et nous supporterons tout. Voila notre correspondance, j'ai peur, bien interrompue par ton déplacement ; fais que je m'en aperçoive le moins possible ; j'ai pour toi un redoublement de tendresse qce notre longue absence me fera tristement sentir. Je te vois errant, mal à ton aise, fatigué, sans honneur ni gloire et tout cela me met un triste qui m'étouffe. Adieu, cher cœur de mari, il y a eu hier huit ans que nous sommes mariés. . . . Mon Dieu ! vous allez vous faire tuer, écharper sans profit ; la main de de Dieu s'est encore appesantie sur nous ; nous n'avons pas encore fait pénitence. . . . Adieu, mon bon ami, adieu ; j'ai bien envie d'être en paix avec toi dans un petit coin de terre.

Equally touching and beautiful are the letters of Madame de Bombelles, whose deeply religious mind finds consolation



a midst all her trials and crosses, in the most perfect conformity the holy will of God.

Another extract from this interesting correspondence is worthy of especial notice, on account of the painfully graphic description which it gives of the state of things at Paris in April, 1791, when matters were by no means at their worst. It is from a letter of Comte d'Albignac, officier des gardes du corps, who had returned to the capital on a short visit, at the request of Madame Elisabeth, and is addressed to Madame de Raigecourt.

Puisque vous voulez, Madame, que j'aie l'honneur de vous écrire avant que je quitte cette terre maudite, je n'ai pas un moment à perdre, parceque je me propose de m'en éloigner avec horreur, je vous jure, dans les premiers jours de la semaine sainte. . . . Il vous suffira de savoir que la corruption est générale, qu'elle n'a jamais été portée au point où elle est, qu'il n'existe pas d'autre sentiment que celui de la rage, et de la cupidité, ou que s'il en existe un autre qui ne soit pas atroce, c'est celui de l'insensibilité, de la plus honteuse indifférence, et de la plus lâche terreur, que tout sentiment de religion est éteint, qu'on n'y prend quelqu' intérêt que comme accessoire à une révolution qu'on déteste, qu' enfin il n'y a plus de ressource, que tout est perdu, si Dieu et . . . ne viennent à notre secours. Jamais on n'a été si léger, si frivole, si futile, si livré à la mode, aux aises, aux nouveautés, aux spectacles, et cela s'allie odieusement et d'une manière vraiment dégoûtante et déchirante, avec la cruauté et tous les genres d'atrocité.

Madame de Bombelles died at a comparatively early age in 1800, at Brünn in Moravia, worn out with suffering and anguish, leaving a bright example to all around her. Her husband subsequently became a priest, and after filling various posts in Austria, was made Bishop of Amiens in 1819, where he died in 1823. One of their sons again quitted France on the downfall of Charles X. and returned to Austria, where he married the widow of Napoleon in 1834. Madame de Raigecourt, by some extraordinary accident, had never been inscribed on the list of *émigrés*, and was consequently able to return to France in 1797, but it was not until three years later that her husband was allowed to do so. After the restoration, he became a peer of France, and lived till 1833, surviving his devoted wife only eighteen months. Their daughter who was born during her parents' exile, and is often alluded to in the correspondence, married Comte de Beuvrier, and after his death, became a nun of St. Thomas de Villeneuve. She died

in 1884, and her brother in 1889, both at a very advanced age. The letters were preserved in the family archives, and have been entrusted by the present Marquis to the Société d'Histoire Contemporaine for publication. The journal of M. de Raigecourt, and most of his letters have however unfortunately been lost.

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10.—THE SHADOWS OF THE LAKE, AND OTHER POEMS.<sup>1</sup>

This volume of less than two hundred pages, contains some twenty odd poems of varied verse. Throughout there is a grace and ease of diction and a finish in rhythmical art that at times has nearly beguiled us into the belief that we were pleased with what we were reading. But we had but to shake off the fatal spell of musical language to recognize in nearly every poem the book contains the absence of true poetry, for there is an absence of truth.

The author apologizes in his Preface for the sad tone of the first division of his book, and tells us that though these verses are unsuitable to many minds, still some readers may gain comfort from them. We do not find fault with him for his apology, but we do doubt much whether any man will find here balm for a wounded spirit. It is true the author found comfort in composing them, but this doubtless on the principle that any occupation, even of a morbid kind, tends to relieve sorrow.

There is, however, no apology for the other poems that the book contains. No apology for "The Bells beneath the Sea," and none for "Father and Child." Here, if anywhere, indeed, an apology was called for.

In "The Bells beneath the Sea" a time-honoured device is resorted to; a wicked monk, one of "a band of coarse and sensual men," is made guilty of a foul sin, and worse still, the confessional is the means to his baleful end. We ought, perhaps, to treat such fables with calm indifference. We confess we cannot bring ourselves to regard them with equanimity. Let such charges be made in the realm of history, if there is apparent evidence for them, they can be met and dealt with on historic grounds; but when they are the offspring of a poet's fancy what relief can we look for? Truth will not save us, for truth is beside the mark. We can but

<sup>1</sup> *The Shadows of the Lake, and other Poems.* By F. Layton. London: Kegan Paul and Co., 1890.

appeal to the canons of good taste. To asperse, without a shadow of proof, the memory of the monks, is to asperse the memory of some family that still exists; it is to asperse the children of some great father and founder who is still held in tenderest honour, and whose rules are still observed in our own day. To cast a slur on the confessional is to attempt to poison the deepest well of healing waters that Christ ever made to flow. The history of the sacred tribunal of Penance is so unsullied as to give no warrant to the least of the insinuations of poet or novelist. And, after all, literary conventions must be founded on some basis of truth; it is as incongruous to make *monk* represent *libertine* as it would be to make *devil* represent *innocence* or *mother* stand for *hate*.

To the last poem the book contains, entitled "Father and Child," we must also take special exception. The father is one for whom the poet rightly repudiates the name of infidel, for he believes in God; but if no infidel himself, he has certainly done his best to make his daughter one by bringing her up in total ignorance of the supernatural. Now, on a summer's evening she shows the first dawnings of a knowledge of the Divine. Her father, who is a dreamer, and evidently believes in the transmigration of souls, talks to her in a vague and misty way of his anxious waiting for this moment:

How I have longed, in days gone by,  
To awaken within your mind  
Such thoughts as you fain would utter,  
Though the language you scarce can find.  
Yet I feared to spoil by forcing  
The glad time which I felt was near,  
The time when the soul awakens  
When the Spirit of God we hear.

His excuse for not having before instructed her on this one essential point is:

To speak of an unseen Spirit  
Unto those who have seen no glow  
That passes from out the heaven  
To illumine the world below,  
Is to talk in an unknown language  
Which, though they may mimic the sound,  
Has a meaning that is not fathomed  
A beauty that is not found.

The child, however, rapidly makes up for lost time. Each new utterance in the dialogue, when her turn comes to speak, shows increased and more definite knowledge. How precisely

this comes to pass does not appear. It certainly is not from her father that she acquires clearer notions, he continues to ramble on to the end after his own misty fashion. It is all very well to treat a child of fancy in this fancy way, but alas! in true life there have been children brought up in knowledge of many things, in ignorance of this one alone. Their case does *not* bear out the poet in his idea that the untutored mind rises spontaneously from the material world to God. A revelation was vouchsafed to mankind, indeed, because in our present state only with difficulty can man from the material infer the Divine. We object to this poem because it tends to teach indifference with regard to early religious training, whereas this is of paramount moment, and nothing can make up for it later on.

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II.—TRUE WAYSIDE TALES.<sup>1</sup>

Lady Herbert has recently published another volume of her interesting Wayside Tales. Some of these do not now see the light for the first time; the opening one, a narrative of the persecution of the Catholics in Russian Poland in the present day, was published in the pages of *THE MONTH* a short time ago. The sufferings of our fellow-Christians for the sake of religion in countries where religious freedom does not prevail, cannot be too frequently set before us. The touching stories here related, written from the account of an eye-witness, will serve to excite our gratitude for the privileges we enjoy, and induce us to pray for the spread of the true faith, and the cessation of the persecution of those who follow it. Another of the more lengthy narratives, which can hardly be called a tale, gives the history of the origin and rapid development of a work of Christian charity, founded at Anglet, a watering-place near Bayonne, under the patronage of Our Lady of Refuge. This institution, established some sixty years ago by the exertions of a simple priest, for the education of destitute orphans and the reclaiming of fallen women, has now attained almost gigantic proportions. The description of the Penitents, or Bernadines, the seclusion of whose life resembles that of the monks of La Trappe, cannot fail to deeply impress the reader. They are employed in cultivating a portion of land on a sandy plain by

<sup>1</sup> *True Wayside Tales.* By Lady Herbert. Fourth Series. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

the sea-shore, where literally nothing is to be seen but sand and sea and sky. There they work in perpetual silence, having erected a kind of monastery with their own hands. Soon after the Refuge was founded at Anglet, the Founder says :

God took pity on us over and over again, when I thought we must perish with hunger. One day when I had not a farthing left, one of the tradesmen came and said that unless I would pay him five hundred francs which were due to him, he would send me to prison. I went into the church and laid the matter before our Lady. Two minutes after the father of one of the families who had come to Anglet for sea-bathing, asked to see me immediately, as he was returning to Paris. "Sir," said the gentleman, "my wife made a vow that if her little girl was cured by the sea-baths, she would give five hundred francs to your Refuge. The child is well, and here are the five hundred francs." That was the way Divine Providence constantly came to our aid. (p. 136.)

The other and shorter stories are of a varied character. They are mostly calculated to strengthen our belief in the unseen world, to illustrate the power of prayer and the marvellous results of a living faith. We need not to be told that they are true, for they bear the stamp of truth, and possess the charm attaching to it.

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### *Literary Record.*

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#### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

ST. JOHN BERCHMANS is one of those Saints whose example has a special value to ordinary Christian: from the fact that he does not frighten them by extraordinary austerities or lead them to regard him as beyond themselves by reason of supernatural revelations, visions recorded as having been vouchsafed to him. His virtues and graces come before us as "imitable" by ourselves. Not that he neglected corporal austerities or did not hold an intimate converse with God in prayer, but these are not the prominent points in his sanctity. He was the Saint of charity, perseverance, unblemished purity, regular observance of rules, perfect submission to his Superiors, devotion to our Lady. He is, as Father Jones remarks in his admirable sketch

of the Life and Labours of the Saint,<sup>1</sup> the Saint for this *feverish* age, by teaching the beauty of a quiet, regular, uneventful life, like that of the Son of God at Nazareth. When he was a novice, St. John Berchmans was named by his companions "Brother Cheerful," on account of the unfailing gladness which was the reward of his unfailing obedience to God in every detail. We hope that Father Jones' charming booklet may make this Saint more familiar to the young, and teach them to follow in his steps.

Among the various books which were the means of keeping alive the faith during the days of persecution in England, was an admirable book of meditations by an English religious who is only known to us as "N. B.," though internal evidence points to his having been a Jesuit. Originally written in Latin in 1639, it was translated into English thirty years later. During the present century two American editions have appeared, one edited by Father Baxter, of Georgetown, and another has just been issued by Messrs. Benziger,<sup>2</sup> after revision by Father Neale, S.J. These meditations contain a great deal of solid theology and prudent asceticism, and will be found most suitable for those who desire to spend some little time each day in converse with God and pondering the truths of the Gospel. The subjects chosen are adapted to the various seasons, and carry the reader through the whole year.

Dr. d'Eremao's book of popular instructions and considerations on the Angelical Salutation<sup>3</sup> will prove very useful for clergy and laity alike. So much is written of a devotional character concerning the Mother of God, that a work which treats of her prerogatives from a dogmatical and historical standpoint is all the more welcome. The matter is as a whole judiciously chosen and well worked out. The incidental information concerning Jewish customs greatly helps one to understand events in our Lady's life, and is a good feature in the book. We were pleased to see that the author was on his guard against admitting untrustworthy legends. "Many singular things," he tells us, "are related regarding the Blessed Virgin's life, as coming from tradition. Such traditions, however, go no

<sup>1</sup> *St. John Berchmans. A Sketch of his Life and Virtues.* By the Rev. Father F. Jones, S.J. London: Washbourne.

<sup>2</sup> *Meditations for Every Day in the Year.* Edited by the Rev. R. Baxter, S.J., of Georgetown. Second Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

<sup>3</sup> *The Hail Mary.* By J. P. Val d'Eremao, D.D. London: Burns and Oates, 1891.



further than the tenth or ninth centuries, and some no further than the last and even the current centuries!" The history of the *Hail Mary* as given in the opening chapter is drawn up in an excellent way; the information is not often to be found so concisely put, and will be read with interest by all. The quotations from the Fathers, too, have been skilfully woven into the text in such a way as to make the perusal of them easy for the faithful, instead of their being only relegated to foot-notes, which are, as often as not, passed over by those who are deterred by a seeming display of learning. Each chapter or section is brought to a close by a few appropriate words of exhortation, so that instruction and devotion are blended throughout the work. Altogether the little book seems to us an admirable production, and we should like to see it have as wide a circulation as possible. The style is simple and easy, and the arrangement is all that could be desired.

Father Hamy is known to many in England from his long years of missionary labours there. To a smaller circle he is known as a collector of engravings and photographs of people and places connected with the Order to which he belongs, of which in his *Iconographie de la Cie. de Jésus* he has given a careful catalogue. It is no secret that he is engaged on a larger work, in which we may hope for the reproduction of many of his treasures by means of modern processes. Obligated by ill-health to abandon active labours, he now presents us with a fresh proof of his unwearied love of research. His new book<sup>1</sup> is a handsome quarto of over ninety pages, and though of a somewhat domestic interest, is invaluable for any student of the history of the Society, or of its biography. It contains a list of all the places where the Society possessed a House or College from its first beginnings till the Suppression, first, according to the order of the various Assistencies and Provinces, classified under their Latin names, to which are added letters showing the character of the Foundation, College, Residence, Professed House, &c., and the modern name. After this follows a list in simple alphabetical order, to which are added the Latin synonyms, where these exist, and an index of French names with their Latin equivalents. The *Bibliothèque Nationale* of Paris contains two most interesting series of plans of a number of the old Houses of the Society, one taken from the *Casa*

<sup>1</sup> *Documents pour servir à l'histoire des domiciles de la Cie. de Jésus de 1540 à 1773.* Collationnés par le P. Alfred Hamy, S.J. Paris, 1892.

*professa* of the *Gesù*, and the other the work of a French artist lay-brother. The full catalogue of these plans, with references and an index, are given in this volume. Then come exhaustive lists of places in England and Holland served by the Missionary Jesuit Fathers. In conclusion, there are a series of appendices, one of which presents us with alternative dates of various foundations in several provinces, where the date is under discussion; while another shows interesting statistics of the numbers of the Society during different years between 1556—1890; and a third and fourth give the lists of Residences in China and in Japan. The work is one which will take its place side by side with the monumental labours of Fathers de Backer and Somervogel.

The great demand for spiritual books in America is shown by the large number that are being continually translated from the French. We hope that the time will come when America itself will produce a larger original supply of nourishment for souls from among her own priests and religious. But for the present, the demand for active labourers and the ever-increasing work of charity absorb their energies, and the days have not yet <sup>seen</sup> when the clergy and the members of the various communities can devote themselves to the apostolate of a native supply of pious books. Yet many good priests and others are able to devote a little time to the less difficult work of translation. Among these translations is Father Ward's *Principal Truths of Religion*.<sup>1</sup> It consists of fifty-two practical, common-sense, short, simple instructions suitable for Sunday reading. They deal for the most part with fundamental truths, and will therefore be useful to those whose duties do not allow them to make a systematic retreat. The title-page of the book, as well as the outside, leaves it doubtful whether Father Ward is translator or author of the original book, but in the Preface we learn that he is the translator.

Jansenism, or at least Jansenistic teaching, is not extinct in the world, and the translation of Father Cros' exposition of the doctrine and the mind of the Church respecting confession and communion,<sup>2</sup> and his protest against rigorism, is likely to be useful even in our own days. There are still priests who refuse

<sup>1</sup> *Fifty-two Short Instructions on the Principal Truths of our Holy Religion*. Translated from the French by the Rev. Thomas F. Ward, Brooklyn. New York: Benziger Brothers.

<sup>2</sup> *The Confessor after God's own Heart*. From the French of Father Cros, S.J. Dublin: Browne and Nolan.

absolution on the first occasion to a penitent long absent from confession, too often with the result that the penitent never returns, and the golden opportunity of reconciling him to God is lost. "He put me back, Father," is often the excuse given for long neglect, and sometimes the priest who "put back" his penitent is partly responsible for it. So, too, the mischievous practice of giving penances to be said every day for a month, or until the penitent comes to confession again, is not yet extinct, in spite of experience having shown that the sinner will in all probability begin to neglect the daily task before a week is out. Against evils such as these this little book raises a most necessary protest, as well as on many other important points, *e.g.* the proper time for First Communion, the limits to be placed on the questioning of children in the confessional, the absolution of *recidivi*, &c. It commences with a sketch of Jansenism, in which we notice that Antoine Arnauld appears under the unfamiliar name of Antony Arnold. The translation is well done, and will be useful to any one who desires a safe guide on the subjects aforementioned.

*A Song-Book of the Soul*<sup>1</sup> is prefaced with an apology for placing side by side subjects sacred and common-place. The apology is needless. We should object to a formal arrangement in any way resembling that which is sometimes found in the Lives of the Saints, where their virtues are treated of in separate chapters. These humble lyrics, as the author styles them, take in a wide field, and the reader will not be able to complain of sameness. The pieces are not indeed all of equal merit, but, as we all know, verse does not flow spontaneously at all times. The poems entitled "The Valetudinarian" and "Incurable" pleased us most. Readers will find the book of service as a pleasant medium for gathering pious thoughts on spiritual matters. All those are to be thanked who, like the author, in any way help us to use the faculty of the imagination, just as much as any other, in God's service.

One of the latest volumes added to the Premium Library of Messrs. Kilner deals with an episode in the life of James VI., King of Scotland, previously to his becoming monarch of the United Kingdom under the title of James I.<sup>2</sup> Under the pretext

<sup>1</sup> *A Song-Book of the Soul*. By Marjory G. J. Kinloch. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Flora Mac-Alpin*, an Episode of the Court of James VI. of Scotland. *Mary Stuart*, Queen of Scots. By Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner and Co.

of receiving a mysterious treasure from the hands of an unknown Englishman, with whom and with the members of whose household the reader has already been made acquainted, the young King is entrapped into entering the castle of the Earl of Ruthven, one of the unruly nobles who made those times so troublous for the House of Stuart, and narrowly escapes with his life. This narrative is followed by a short biography of the mother of the prince, the beautiful and unfortunate Queen Mary, concerning whose character and actions great divergence of opinion has hitherto existed. The principal events of her life are related in a clear and interesting manner by Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, whose name, it may be remarked, is placed on the title-page in a way which is likely to give the impression that she is the author of the whole, not the lesser portion only, of the contents of this volume.

Boys delight in reading tales of adventure, and in the adventures of sea-farers they seem to find a special fascination. The selection of scenes and incidents at sea,<sup>1</sup> published by Messrs. Burns and Oates in the Granville Library, a volume of small dimensions, but containing a good deal of reading, is well suited to the taste of most of our youngsters. It tells of war with the elements and melancholy shipwreck, of perils and privations, of hair-breadth escapes, of heroic deeds and gallant acts of rescue, many of which have now become matters of history.

<sup>1</sup> *Scenes and Incidents at Sea.* A new Selection. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

## II.—MAGAZINES.

In order that the readers of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* may form a judgment on the movement in favour of Cremation, Father Perger inquires who are its advocates, and on what is their advocacy of it grounded. By quotations from their own and other periodicals he allows its upholders, who are Freemasons, Free-thinkers, and revolutionists, to condemn themselves. Statistics prove that the persons cremated belong almost exclusively to the educated classes, among whom unfortunately unbelief is most prevalent. Father Hagen gives an epitome of the astronomical system ascribed to Ptolemy, who was in reality only the exponent of the opinions of the Grecian school in regard to the heavenly bodies. In an age when astronomical knowledge makes rapid strides, it is amusing to acquaint oneself with the ideas entertained by the ancients concerning the fixed stars, the sun and moon, and the movements of the five principal planets. The biography of Pascal is carried on to the time when his connection with Port Royal caused him to come into collision with the Society of Jesus, towards which he afterwards showed such bitter hostility. Father Pfülf publishes and comments on an essay written by Döllinger in 1850, before his lamentable secession from the Church, which has special interest at the present time, since it gives his opinions on a question of vast importance to the Catholics of Germany, the freedom claimed by the Church from State interference in the training of the clergy. The current number of the *Stimmen* closes with a paper on the introduction of the unicorn as a favourite symbol in the sacred art of the middle ages. The beautiful significance attached to that legendary animal by both painters and mystic writers is explained fully.

Father von Hoensbroech, S.J., writing in the July issue of the *Katholik*, points to the class-room of the High Schools and the lecture-halls of the Universities, as the source whence flows the poison of anti-Christian teaching in Germany. He quotes the utterances of professors of theology in which the events of Gospel history are treated as legends of Greek mythology, the Divinity of the Eternal Word is openly denied, and Christ portrayed as a fallible mortal, an ordinary historical character.

He warns the so-called Christian Government of Germany from authorizing the promulgation of such blasphemous doctrines which have already penetrated downwards to the lowest classes of society. Dr. Bellesheim, having concluded his biography of Cardinal Manning, gives a sketch of his successor in the see of Westminster. In the review of Thalhoffer's recent work on the Liturgy of the Mass, Dr. Schieler discusses the theory upheld by some writers, but condemned in the volume under review, that the words of consecration in the Mass derive their power from an *epiklesis*, or preceding prayer of oblation. The essay on the place Mary holds in early hymnology is continued. In the period previous to the sixth century, when the characteristic of the Latin hymns was force and simplicity of language, and also in a later period, many great saints and masters of sacred verse in the West have delighted to tune their lyre to the praises of the Queen of Heaven. The authorship of the *Ave Maris Stella*, the most universally popular, perhaps, of all hymns to our Lady, is attributed to an Italian writer of the tenth century, whose name has not been handed down to posterity.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (1,009, 1,010) calls attention to the fact that Freemasons, alarmed at the impulse recently given to Catholic associations for the amelioration of the working classes, propose to form a kind of Third Order, whose members, affiliated to the lodges, will disseminate atheistic principles and influence the elections. Catholics are warned to learn from their enemies the need of united action in defence of their faith. The essay on the phase of spiritualism prevalent in our day is concluded. The object is to show every honest mind the dangers wherewith spiritualism threatens society, since, whatever the form it adopts, it is nothing else than devilry. Hitherto research and investigation have failed to discover the site of the ancient Vetulonia. The glory of having found traces of that Etruscan city of classic fame, is now claimed by Signor Falchi, the Royal Director of Excavations in Tuscany, where stands the modern Colonna. The question of the identity of the ruins, by no means fully established, is freely discussed in these pages. In an article entitled "Leo XIII. and the French nation," the *Civiltà* descants on the masterly wisdom and prudence displayed by the Holy Father in his utterances in regard to the recognition of a Republican Government in France. Modern culture, science, and malefactors form the subject of



another paper, which inquires into the cause of the undeniable increase of vice and crime in proportion to the growth of so-called culture. The history of the Pontificate of Gregory the Great is continued, and a very interesting account is given of the incarceration and martyrdom of St. Perpetua. The Archæological Notes contain a full description of some *tessere* belonging to a private collection. These relics of antiquity are slips of ivory or bone, fitted together and bearing an inscription, and were given to victorious gladiators, entitling them, as a reward of their bravery, to take a place in the theatre amongst freemen.

The inhabitability of other celestial bodies than our own is no new or improbable theory, and the idea of establishing, by means of signals, intercommunication with planets presumably peopled by an intelligent race of beings, has been seriously considered of late. Whether the sum deposited with the French Academy of Science to reward the first successful attempt to effect this will ever be claimed, is very doubtful. The first preliminary is to decide upon the existence of inhabitants capable of observing and comprehending our signals: this question is debated from the standpoint of reason and faith in the *Études*. Father Prélôt lays before the reader a full and trustworthy account of recent events in Dahomey; the origin of the diplomatic disputes between the French Government and the monarch of that small kingdom, and the hostilities carried on there during the last three years. He attributes the failure of the campaign to the small number of forces sent out: they were sufficient to hold in check, but not overawe, the aborigines. The biography of Mgr. Freppel shows his attitude in regard to the Infallibility, and the part he took in the deliberations of the Vatican Council, when he distinguished himself by his activity, his erudition, and his uncompromising boldness of speech. Explosives are now so extensively employed in military and other operations, and constitute so formidable a weapon in the hands of anarchists, that it is necessary that the nature of these substances, their detonating force and rapidity of action, the dangers attending their fabrication and manipulation, should be thoroughly known. A summary of the principal works hitherto published on this subject will be found in the current number of the *Études*.

